

Class PR 1191

Book C 55

PRESENTED BY

1855

CHURCH POETRY.

CHURCH POETRY,

"

OR

+

CHRISTIAN THOUGHTS

IN OLD AND MODERN VERSE.

FOURTH EDITION.

,
,
, , ,
, ,
, , ,

LONDON:

J. AND C. MOZLEY, 6, PATERNOSTER ROW ;

J. H. AND JAMES PARKER, OXFORD, AND 377, STRAND ;

MASTERS AND CO, 78, NEW BOND STREET.

1855.

PR 1191

C55

1855

Gift

Rev. Edwin H. Bookmyer

April 10, 1928

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is the object of the present selection of sacred Poetry, so far as a small volume can do it, to satisfy the taste and judgment of a class of readers becoming, it is hoped, daily more numerous and important. The persons alluded to are such, as, deeming it their greatest happiness to be social members of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, would not willingly have mixed up with their more sacred thoughts the writings or sentiments of those who are opposed to themselves in their view of its very constitution. Now among the numerous collections of religious

poetry which have hitherto appeared, persons of primitive Church feeling have continually had to regret a want of that harmony of belief on essential points with some of the writers, which is so necessary to render that kind of reading ultimately pleasant or profitable. Churchmen and Dissenters have been mingled together, and most opposite views have been placed perhaps side by side, as if verse might be a veil for inconsistency, and as if poetry itself were intended only to excite the fancy and indulge the imagination, without any care to convey positive and consistent truth. It has been one chief aim of the present work to avoid this sort of error; and, as a first step towards securing uniformity of creed, none but the writings of Churchmen have been consulted.

Great care and pains have been taken to

search into the works of some earlier poets, little known at present, but who may yet be supposed to have written what well deserves, both for sentiment and expression, to be read and studied in an after age.

The thanks of the selector are here offered to such as have kindly assisted in this undertaking, and especially to those who have added so much value to the work by their original contributions.





CONTENTS.

	Page
LESSONS FROM NATURE	1
PROVIDENCE AND PROBATION	25
RULES AND LESSONS FOR LIFE	46
THE CHURCH AND HER ORDINANCES	70
REPENTANCE	89
RESIGNATION	97
HOLY LIVING	115
PRAYER AND PRAISE	145
THANKFULNESS	170
CONTEMPLATION	178
LIFE AND TIME	194
HOLY DYING	204
FUTURE STATE	220
CHARACTERS AND DESCRIPTIONS	231
MEMORIALS	248



INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page
REV. HENRY ALFORD. Peace	66
I sought for Novelty—in	
vain	190
There is an ancient man	258
ANONYMOUS. Passing through the New	
Forest	18
I will lead them in paths	
(<i>Lost Brooch</i>)	32
Light in the Darkness	
(<i>Lyra Apostolica</i>)	34
Faith	35
Chastisement (<i>Lyra Apos-</i>	
<i>tolica</i>)	40
Tyre (<i>Lyra Apostolica</i>)	42
Deeds not Words (<i>Lyra</i>	
<i>Apostolica</i>)	53

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page
ANONYMOUS.	
Old Self and New Self (<i>Lyra Apostolica</i>) .	58
Fastidiousness (<i>Lyra Apostolica</i>) . . .	59
Psalm xlix. (<i>Psalter</i>) .	67
The Churchman to his Lamp (<i>Lyra Apostolica</i>)	72
Burial of the Dead (<i>Lyra Apostolica</i>) . . .	82
The Winter Thrush (<i>Lyra Apostolica</i>) . . .	107
Employment . . .	121
St. Matthew's Day (<i>Child's Christian Year</i>)	130
Morning Hymn (<i>Child's Christian Year</i>) . . .	157
The Invitation . . .	164
Evening . . .	165
A Hermit's Meditation .	187
Emblems . . .	199
Man's Flitting Life .	201
Nothingness of Matter (<i>Lyra Apostolica</i>) .	202
The Death of Moses .	210
Death (<i>Lyra Apostolica</i>)	215

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page
ANONYMOUS. Epitaph on an Old Lady	257
SIR JOHN BEAUMONT. In Desolation . . .	109
(1622)* Of my dear son Gervase	353
JOSEPH BEAUMONT. Home . . .	63
(1655)	
NICHOLAS BRETON. I would I were an excel-	
(1600) lent Divine . . .	62
EARL BRISTOL. (1645) Farewell . . .	109
MOSES BROWNE. (1740) To the River Lea . .	19
THOS. BROWNE. (1682) Evening Hymn . .	168
JOHN CLEVELAND. Content . . .	132
(1640) An Epitaph on a de-	
ceased Friend . . .	255
S. T. COLERIDGE. True Freedom . . .	55
Innocence . . .	241
ABRAHAM COWLEY. From the Garden . .	15
(1640) The Tenth Plague . .	43
The Shortness of Life . .	51
COWPER. To the Nightingale . .	13
CRASHAW. (1638) On a Prayer Book . .	148
Charitas Nimia . . .	180

* This and the following dates do not profess to give more than the *probable* time when the author wrote or published his Poems.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page
CRASHAW. (1638)	A Saint received in Heaven 222
	Description of a Religious
	House 234
DANIEL. (1600)	Religion 71
SIR JOHN DAVIES.	Affliction 98
(1595)	O, ignorant poor man . 141
	And though some impious
	wits 225
REV. JOHN DAVISON.	Epitaph in Worcester
	Cathedral 254
	To the memory of a good
	poor Woman . . . 264
HENRY DELAUNE.	The Removal of the
(1657)	Righteous 42
DRUMMOND. (1620)	New doth the Sun appear 10
	Dedication of a Church . 77
	Hymn upon the Sundays
	in Lent 89
	Sonnet 177
	Sonnet 221
	Sonnet 228
THOMAS FLATMAN.	Hymn for the Morning . 152
(1670)	Hymn for the Evening . 153

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page
GILES FLETCHER. Presumption . . .	237
(1610)	
FULKE GREVILLE. True Religion . . .	125
LORD BROOKE. (1628)	
GEORGE GASCOIGNE. Good-morrow . . .	171
(1560)	
WILLIAM HABINGTON. Nox nocti indicat scien-	
(1634) tiam	2
Tell me, O great all-	
knowing God . . .	211
REV. R. S. HAWKER. Morwennæ statis hodie	
Morwentor	85
GEORGE HERBERT. The Pulley	33
(1635) Discipline	38
Constancy	48
Lent	78
Vanity	93
Submission	113
The Elixir	133
The Temper	163
Life	196
The Glance	224
DR. PETER HEYLIN. On a Bible richly gilt .	115
(1635)	

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page
HICKES'S DEVOTIONS. The Lark and the Dove .	11
(1690) Dependence . . .	29
The Choice . . .	116
The Mistake corrected .	129
Hymn for Sunday Morn- ing . . .	151
True Life . . .	208
HUNIS. (1558) . Grey Hairs . . .	61
BISHOP JEBB. O Thou, whose all-en- livening ray . . .	101
THOMAS JORDAN. On the incomparable (1645) treasures of the Holy Scripture . . .	140
BISHOP KEN. Conscience . . .	118
Midnight Hymn . . .	160
The rest of the Just .	206
The Saints with Jesus .	229
The Poet . . .	238
BISHOP KING. (1643) The Life of Man . .	199
LORD JOHN MANNERS. Easter . . .	80
JASPER MAYNE. (1640) Time . . .	200
BISHOP MIDDLETON. Hymn for New Year's Day	92
R. M. MILNES, ESQ. The Worth of Hours .	143
HENRY MORE. (1654) Sensual and Spiritual Life	127

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page
JOHN NORRIS. (1690)	The Resignation . . . 97
	Hymn to Darkness . . . 178
	The Meditation . . . 220
FRANCIS QUARLES.	Delight in God only . . . 185
(1622)	
JOHN QUARLES.	Divine Ejaculation . . . 183
(1654)	
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.	The Unquiet Rest . . . 100
(1618)	
GEORGE SANDYS.	Psalm cxlviii. . . . 166
(1615)	
	Hymn written at the
	Holy Sepulchre . . . 168
	On a Review of God's
	Mercies 174
	David's Lamentation over
	Saul and Jonathan . . . 260
SHIRLEY. (1630)	The Glories of our Blood
	and State 198
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.	Farewell to splendid Fol-
(1580)	lies 54
	Psalm xciii. . . . 166
SOUTHEY.	Conscience 30
	Gaiety of Heart . . . 173

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page
SOUTHEY.	
Not to the Grave . . .	206
Afflictions . . .	238
The Field of Battle . .	241
Written in his Library .	262
ROBERT SOUTHWELL.	
From "St. Peter's Com-	
(1616) plaint" . . .	91
Content and Rest . . .	137
SPENSER.	
The Order of Providence	36
The Knight at the House	
of Holiness . . .	124
The only Source of good	128
The Seven Beadmen . .	231
REV. R. C. TRENCH.	
Sonnet . . .	36
Sonnet . . .	51
Sonnet . . .	60
Rejoice evermore . . .	104
Some murmur . . .	170
The Day of Death . . .	217
HENRY VAUGHAN.	
The Rainbow . . .	1
(1651) Early Rising and Prayer	46
The Retreat . . .	120
The Dawning . . .	204
Peace . . .	223
Heaven in Prospect . .	226

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page
HENRY VAUGHAN. An Epitaph upon the	
(1651) Lady Elizabeth . . .	252
WALLER. (1663) The Seas are quiet . . .	217
REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS. The Magnificat . . .	74
Dies Iræ	94
Childhood	194
The Death of the Righteous	214
Others admire in thee a	
Poet's fire	263
GEORGE WITHER. Fore-Knowledge . . .	55
(1628) Books	61
Private Judgment . . .	70
Hymn on St. John Baptist's Day	90
The voice which I did more esteem . . .	104
For Parents who have lost their children . .	111
Evening Hymn . . .	159
Constancy in Virtue . .	235
To a Skylark . . .	9
Address to the Solitary . .	22

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page
WORDSWORTH.	
Support under Affliction	31
Duty	55
King's College Chapel	85
Consolation	112
How beautiful this dome of sky	145
I do not wish to wrong him	244
SIR H. WOTTON. (1620) A Happy Life	49



INDEX OF AUTHORS.

ORIGINAL.

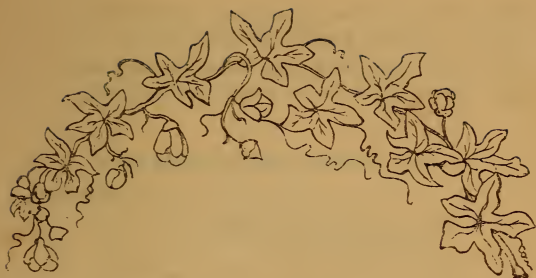
	Page
REV. GEORGE CORNISH April Morning . . .	4
A Child's Answer . . .	14
Penzance . . .	17
Railroad Sonnets . . .	56
<i>C.</i> Ad Primum . . .	153
Ad Laudes . . .	154
Dominica ad Noctem . . .	156
Ici Gist . . .	248
<i>γ.</i> On a Monument in Lich-	
field Cathedral . . .	249
<i>δ.</i> Nature and Art . . .	25
<i>H.</i> An Honest and Good	
Heart . . .	122
<i>M. H.</i> Ministering Spirits . . .	191
<i>S. R.</i> The Seasons . . .	10
Written in a very beauti-	
ful Spring . . .	21
Temptation . . .	102
Steadfastness . . .	124
Happiness . . .	132
Cheerfulness . . .	134

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	Page
<i>S. R.</i>	
An Old Man's Wish .	216
The Bee Ophrys . .	239
Draba Verna . .	243
Boughton Malherbe .	245
Epitaph on a Stone-Mason	257
Sir Henry Wotton .	265
REV. D. S. WAYLAND. Commune with your own	
Heart	6
REV. GEORGE	
Sonnet	73
WHEELER.	
Epitaph	256
Sonnet	256







LESSONS FROM NATURE.

THE RAINBOW.

Henry Vaughan.

STILL young and fine! but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new :
How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye,
Thy burning flaming arch did first desery ;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haram, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot,
Did with intentive looks, watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower !

When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair ;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air ;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye !

When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and one.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM.

Habington.

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop's bride appear ;

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our human sight ;—

But if we stedfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,
 That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour ;

That from the farthest North,
 Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway ;

Some nation, yet shut in
 With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice :

And then they likewise shall
 Their ruin have ;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
 Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute ;

For they have watched since first
 The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on Earth.



APRIL MORNING.

Rev. George Cornish.

Cloud ! or mist ! or exhalation !
 Or however else thou hearest !
 That in thy vapoury bosom bearest
 Heart-brooding care, and funeral expectation,
 Hence in haste !
 As best thou may'st,
 In this bright April morn all utterly misplaced !

Brightly shows the Daffodil ;
 And she too who bards have said
 Is as a forsaken maid,
 Amid her gay compeers cries, " laugh who will !"
 Well did he know
 My spirits flow
 Who erst while bade *me* laugh and be the wiser so.

And "laugh who will," repeats the Brook,
That beneath the morning sun
Cheerily by the road doth run;
And the gay Furze responds, with brightest look.
Heed not his lay,
Whoso doth say
The "blossomed furze" is aye "unprofitably gay."

Nothing is unprofitable
That bids thee hear sweet Nature's voice,
That bids the heart of man rejoice;
That very harden'd road I tread is able,
Purpled with hues
From undried dews,
Some of the cheerful soul of April to infuse.

Then arouse thee, drooping heart!
Shame upon thee! if among
All this burst of dance and song
Sullen and sad thou shunn'st to bear thy part!
See where has stirr'd
The minstrel bird!
O do not let her hymn be first at Heaven's gate heard!

Man is the kingly priest of Nature,
And it is high Heaven's intent
That he singly should present
The sacrifice of praise for every creature.
Why should the lark
Thy loitering mark?
Gird thou thine ephod on, and sing before the ark.

"COMMUNE WITH YOUR OWN HEART, AND IN YOUR CHAMBER,
AND BE STILL."

Rev. D. S. Wayland.

And is it even thus? Are these the words
Of God's own Book; and do they speak the mind
Of Him, the High, the Wise, the Holy? Then,
What must we say of some, who, in their pride,
Proclaim themselves His people, and look down
With scornful pity upon humbler souls
Who worship Him in secret? Foolish thought!
Raise high the platform, spread the benches wide,
And deep, and high, and let the crowded heads,
Tier above tier, with outstretch'd necks, and eyes
Of eager expectation, bend their gaze,
Stedfast, concentrated, on one whose tongue,
In accents bland as Music's self can teach,
Tells of the inward conflict, speaks aloud,
To scoffers or to infidels, of thoughts
Lodged in the heart's deep core, of thoughts which burn
The soul that nurtures them, and have no voice
But silence!—Hie thee to the mart, where trade
Musters its thousands, jostling here and there
To worship gain, their idol; thither turn,
With sanctimonious gestures, eyes uprais'd,
And voice attun'd to feign'd humility,
While Jehu's spirit lurks perchance beneath;
Such as he bore aloft into the car
With that good man, once summon'd to behold
His zeal in God's own cause, while all within

Was false and hollow!—To the social board,
Where men of every creed together meet
With those who nought believe; and breathe the high
And solemn musings of the world to come,
'Mid festive intercourse, or festive song;
And while the wine cup foams, and the light jest
Sportive though innocent, the circle round
Pursues uncheck'd, "break in upon the mirth
With most admir'd disorder," tell of sins
Repented and forgiven, and let the Name,
Before which knees should bend, and hearts should bow
In lowliest guise, be like a household word
Heard from all lips unblamed!—And is it thus
That the deep anguish of the contrite soul
Pours forth its inmost treasures to the ear
Of flippant hearers, whose unhallow'd scorn
Confounds the Worshipped with the worshipper,
Nor fears to tread with careless foot the place
Where God's own glories are revealed, and Forms
Of Angel brightness veil their downcast heads
In presence of His Majesty?—For this,
Oh! not for this, did He, who in the meek
And contrite heart dwells ever, though unseen,
Give to the high, the beautiful, the true,
A bashful grace, which shuns the glare of day,
Nor will unsought be found. The sun-flower, see,
Its gaudy form to th' orb of day unfolds
Without reserve, and o'er its scentless hues
The "liberal" air sweeps boldly; but the meek
And lowly violet, beneath the shade
Of clustering leaves, on some retired bank
With dew be-sprinkled, gives its odours forth

To the lone muser, who his lesson takes
Early in Nature's book, and walks with God
In the day's matin prime. And she the fair,
Sweet dweller of the woods, whose cluster'd bells
Of virgin white forth from their sheath of green,
In Spring's bright hours, their breathing scents
exhale

In desert loneliness, she of the vale,
The modest lily, does *she* speak of deeds
Lost if not blazon'd, feelings vain if known
To Him alone, who asks the conscious heart,
And asks no more? Believe it not. The Age
Is ripe in outward seeming. It is fair,
It "doth profess—too much." But is it true?—
Who, that feels deeply, to the general ear
Will tell his tale of hidden sympathies,
Unlock the springs of Nature's gushing tears,
And bid them flow for all? Is human love
So different from Divine, that he who shrinks
With Nature's inward loathing, strong as true,
From giving to the coarse and vulgar crowd
The depth of the heart's mysteries, must yet
His fearful struggles tell to listless ears,
And breathe to hearts untun'd the thrilling sense
Of Love unspeakable, or be cast out
As one of this world's children? Deem not so!
He knows His own. Though haply in that world,
Which calls itself "religious," no high praise,
Dispensed by Critic or Poetic hand,
May canonize his name, the humble soul,
That walked with God in meek obscurity,
Shall dwell with Him in light. Feelings long hid,

Hid but to burn more brightly, will be then
Reveal'd in God's own time ; and he who here
Amidst glib talkers, bowed his head perchance
In sad mistrust, will lift it calmly up,
Calmly not proudly, and his portion take
With those who praise in lowliest thankfulness
"Him who alone is worthy."

TO A SKYLARK.

Wordsworth.

Ethereal Minstrel ! Pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring Warbler ! that love-prompted strain
("Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the Nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine ;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

Drummond.

New doth the Sun appear,
The mountains' snows decay,
Crown'd with frail flowers, forth comes the infant
Year :

My soul, time posts away,
And thou, yet in that frost,
Which flower and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay :
For shame ! thy powers awake,
Look to that Heaven which never night makes black,
And there at that immortal Sun's bright rays
Deck thee with flowers, which fear not rage of days.

THE SEASONS.

S. R.

By laughing hours and broider'd meads,
By Zephyr's odour-wafting wing,
By all that youthful fancy feeds,
We know the glad approach of Spring.

The Summer spreads her leafy bowers,
Of ampler shade and verdure deep,
While day by day her silken flowers
From each emboldened calix peep.

With mellowed fruits and ripened fields,
With tints of gold on earth and sky,
With rich delights that Autumn yields,
She whispers wise tranquillity.

E'en Winter hoar has stores to show,
Her home delights, her hours of rest,
Her spangled work of frost and snow,
The generous host, the thankful guest.

Each teems with treasures all her own,
A rich and ever-yielding mine ;
Yet still they come and go alone,
No two their transient wealth combine.

But, man ! it is not so with thee ;
Thou need'st not quit the flowers of youth ;
Heaven wills that they should last and be
A garland to the fruits of truth.

Spring-time with thee need never fade,
Tho' Summer's deeper beauties rise,
Autumn and Winter both may aid
To make Heaven's favourite good and wise.

And, oh ! may I, as years roll on,
The grace of every age hold fast ;
Still adding each and losing none,
Gay, sage, and happy to the last.

THE LARK AND THE DOVE.

Hicke's Devotions.

Wake now, my soul, and humbly hear
What thy mild Lord commands ;
Each word of His will charm thine ear,
Each word will guide thy hands.

Hark ! how His sweet and tender care
Complies with our weak minds ;
Whate'er our state and tempers are,
Still some fit work he finds.

They that are merry, let them sing,
And let the sad hearts pray ;
Let those still ply their cheerful wing,
And these their sober lay.

So mounts the early warbling Lark
Still upward to the skies ;
So sits the Turtle in the dark
Amidst her plaintive cries.

And yet the Lark and yet the Dove
Both sing, tho' different parts ;
And so should we, howe'er we move,
With light or heavy hearts.

Or, rather, we should each essay,
And our cross notes unite ;
Both grief and joy should sing and pray,
Since both such hopes invite ;—

Hopes that all present sorrow heal,
All present joy transcend ;
Hopes to possess and taste and feel
Delights that never end.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE WHICH THE AUTHOR
HEARD SING ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Cowper.

Whence is it, that amaz'd I hear,
From yonder wither'd spray,
This foremost morn of all the year,
The melody of May?

And why, since thousands would be proud
Of such a favour shown,
Am I selected from the crowd
To witness it alone?

Sing'st thou, sweet Philomel, to me?
For that I also long
Have practised in the groves like thee,
Though not like thee in song.

Or sing'st thou rather under force
Of some Divine Command,
Commission'd to presage a course
Of happier days at hand?

Thrice welcome, then, for many a long
And joyless year have I,
As thou to-day, put forth my song
Beneath a wintry sky.

But thee no wintry skies can harm,
Who only need'st to sing,
To make e'en January charm,
And every season Spring.

A CHILD'S ANSWER.

Rev. George Cornish.

I met a fairy child, whose golden hair
Around her sunny face in clusters hung;
And as she wove her king-cup chain, she sung
Her household melodies—those strains that bear
The hearer back to Eden. Surely ne'er
A brighter vision blest my dreams. "Whose child
Art thou," I said, "sweet girl?" In accent mild
She answered, "*Mother's*." When I questioned,
"Where
Her dwelling was"—again she answered, "*Home*."
"*Mother!*" and "*Home!*"—O blessed ignorance!
Or rather blessed knowledge! What advance
Farther than this shall all the years to come,
With all their lore, effect? There are but given
Two names of higher note—"Father" and "*Hea-
ven*."



FROM "THE GARDEN."

Cowley.

But with no sense the garden does comply,
None courts, or flatters, as it does the eye.
When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
His royal southern guest to entertain;
 Tho' she on silver floors did tread,
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
 To hide the metal's poverty;
 Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
 And nought around her could behold
 But silk and rich embroidery,
 And Babylonish tapestry,
 And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
Though Ophir's starry stones met everywhere her
 eye;
Though she herself and her gay host were dress'd
With all the shining glories of the East;
When lavish Art her costly work had done,
 The honour and the prize of bravery
 Was by the Garden from the Palace won;
And every rose and lily there did stand
 Better attir'd by Nature's hand.
The case thus judg'd against the king we see,
By One, who would not be so rich, though wiser far
 than he.

Nor does this happy place only dispense
Such various pleasures to the sense ;
Here health itself does live,
That salt of life which does to all a relish give,
Its standing pleasure, and intrinsic wealth,
The body's virtue and the soul's good fortune, Health.
The Tree of Life when it in Eden stood,
Did its immortal head to Heaven rear ;
It lasted a tall cedar till the Flood ;
Now a small thorny shrub it does appear ;
Nor will it thrive too everywhere :
It always here is freshest seen ;
'Tis only here an ever-green.
If through the strong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,
Any diseases passage find,
They must not think here to assail
A land unarmed or without a guard ;
They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before they can prevail :
Scarce any plant is growing here,
Which against death some weapon does not bear.
Let cities boast, that they provide
For life the ornaments of pride ;
But 'tis the country and the field
That furnish it with staff and shield.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine,
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine ?
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creator's real poetry,

Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy,
Ev'n in a bush, the radiant Deity.
But we despise these His inferior ways
(Though no less full of miracle and praise :)
Upon the flowers of Heaven we gaze ;
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,
Though these perhaps do more than they
The life of Mankind sway.

PENZANCE.

Rev. George Cornish.

The path is narrow ; and it narrows still ;
And yet it narrows ; for as I ascend,
Or satiate or footsore, at each bend
Some turn aside. To scale the higher hill ;—
To mark where in its cratch of stone the Rill,
Ev'n as an infant that hath ta'en its fill
From its young mother's bosom, slumbering lies ;
And but for the bright droplet that supplies
Th' unfailing source of life—its pulse's moving—
You would not know it lived ;—The melodies
Which o'er the thymy bed the wild bee moving
Pours on th' attentive ear—All these to prize,
Belongs to hearts that are to Nature true.—
But upward footsteps still I mark, though few.

PASSING THROUGH THE NEW FOREST.

AUTUMN SUNSET.

Anon.

What do they say—those forest trees?
Their leaves are shed;
Thousands and thousands by the breeze
Lie scattered—dead;
And yet there is a sunny hue,
A rich bright glow,
Their summer freshness never knew,
That now they show.

And the bright sun—he soon will sink,
His glories set,
But see, while hovering on the brink,
He's glowing yet;
And never in his noontide hour
In summer skies,
Beams forth such radiant glorious power
As when he dies.

They tell me—those proud trees of earth,
That sun of Heaven,
This is not death; another birth
Will yet be given.
'Tis therefore they exulting glow,
Exulting shine;
They tell me as I gaze, to know
Such fate is mine.

But, oh! how nobler, higher far,
 Our hope in dying,
To rise where light and glory are,
 And death defying!
Then never, never look upon
 That earth and sky,
To sigh o'er dreams—of pleasure gone,
 Or hopes that die;
But think of the eternal morrow
That breaks upon the night of sorrow.

TO THE RIVER LEA.

Moses Browne.

Sweet stream, where most my haunt's delight,
Whose scenes to solemn thought invite,
May my calm life resemble thée,
Such pleasure give, so useful be.

As passing straws, and buoyant leaves,
Thy yielding surface but receives,
While pearls, that lure the searching eye,
Deep-treasured in thy bosom lie;

May trifles such reception find,
Float lightly transient o'er my mind,
While weightier thoughts admission win,
Sink its whole depths and rest within.

As the large face the Heavens expose,
Thy pure reflecting mirror shows,
Yet paints, in small terrestrial scenes,
Some bordering flowers, or pendant greens ;

So with resemblances divine
My copying life direct to shine ;
While Earth's faint forms, grown distant, less
Their fewer images express.

Teach me thy constancy ; to force
O'er bars and straits a stubborn course ;
Not idly in suspension held,
Thy path not changed, tho' oft repelled.

Thy patience teach my ruffled soul
When like thy waves its motions roll ;
Though vexed to foam when passions fray,
In gentle smiles to pass away.

Teach me thy rule of temperate bliss,
Well pleased thy flowery banks to kiss,
Yet by no sweets allured aside,
Till ocean stops thy restless tide.

To me a pattern wise dispense,
Meetly to taste the charms of sense ;
Still pressing to my wished abode,
Nor fix'd till at my centre—God.



WRITTEN IN A VERY BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

S. R.

Say not, these flowers will quickly fade,
This springtime soon have passed away,
While they have been, for me they made
Bright wreaths for many a distant day.

Thank Heaven ! e'en transient things below,
So lovely, never need depart ;
The sweetest thoughts are those which grow
From memory on the faithful heart.

The daisied spring, the home-like spot,
The friend that used to please me well,
May pass, but cannot be forgot ;—
Love's image is indelible.

ADDRESS TO THE SOLITARY.

Wordsworth.

As men from men
Do, in the constitution of their souls,
Differ, by mystery not to be explained ;
And as we fall by various ways, and sink
One deeper than another, self-condemned,
Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame ;
So manifold and various are the ways
Of restoration, fashioned to the steps
Of all infirmity, and tending all
To the same point—attainable by all ;
Peace in ourselves, and union with our God.
For you assuredly, a hopeful road
Lies open : we have heard from you a voice
At every moment softened in its course
By tenderness of heart ; have seen your eye,
Even like an Altar, lit by fire from Heaven,
Kindle before us.—Your discourse this day,
That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to flow
In creeping sadness, through oblivious shades
Of death and night, has caught at every turn
The colours of the Sun. Access for you
Is yet preserved to principles of truth,
Which the Imaginative Will upholds
In seats of wisdom, not to be approached
By the inferior Faculty that moulds,
With her minute and speculative pains,
Opinion, ever changing !—I have seen

A curious Child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped Shell ;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy ; for murmurings from within
Were heard,—sonorous cadences ! whereby
To his belief, the Monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native Sea.
Even such a Shell the Universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things ;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power ;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation. Here you stand,
Adore, and worship ; when you know it not ;
Pious beyond the intention of your thought ;
Devout above the meaning of your will.
—Yes, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.
The estate of Man would be indeed forlorn
If false conclusions of the reasoning Power
Made the eye blind, and closed the passages
Through which the ear converses with the heart.
Has not the Soul, the Being of your Life,
Received a shock of awful consciousness,
In some calm season, when these lofty Rocks
At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky
To rest upon their circumambient walls ;
A Temple framing of dimensions vast,
And yet not too enormous for the sound
Of human anthems—choral song, or burst

Sublime of instrumental harmony,
To glorify the Eternal! What if these
Did never break the stillness that prevails
Here, if the solemn Nightingale be mute,
And the soft Woodlark here did never chant
Her vespers, Nature fails not to provide
Impulse and utterance. The whispering Air
Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
And blind recesses of the caverned rocks;
The little Rills, and Waters numberless,
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
With the loud Streams: and often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale Stars, is heard
Within the circuit of this Fabric huge,
One voice—the solitary Raven, flying
Athwart the concave of the dark-blue dome,
Unseen; perchance above all power of sight—
An iron knell! with echoes from afar,
Faint—and still fainter—as the cry with which
The wanderer accompanies her flight
Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
Diminishing by distance till it seemed
To expire, yet from the abyss is caught again,
And yet again recovered!





PROVIDENCE AND PROBATION.

NATURE AND ART.

ô.

“Man goeth forth” with reckless trust
 Upon his wealth of mind,
As if in self, a thing of dust,
 Creative skill might find ;
He schemes and toils ; stone, wood, and ore,
Subject or weapon of his power.

By arch and spire, by tower-girt heights,
 He would his boast fulfil ;
By marble births, and mimic lights,—
 Yet lacks one secret still ;
Where is the master-hand shall give
To breathe, to move, to speak, to live ?

Oh, take away this shade of might,
The puny toil of man,
And let rich Nature in my sight
Unfold her varied plan ;
I cannot bear those sullen walls,
Those eyeless towers, those tongueless halls.

Art's laboured toys of highest name
Are nerveless, cold, and dumb ;
And man is fitted but to frame
A coffin or a tomb ;
Well suit, when sense is past away,
Such lifeless works the lifeless clay.

Here let me sit where wooded hills
Skirt yon far-reaching plain ;
While cattle bank its winding rills,
And suns embrown its grain ;
Such prospect is to me right dear,
For freedom, health, and joy are here.

There is a spirit ranging through
The earth, the stream, the air ;
Ten thousand shapes, garbs ever new,
That restless One doth wear ;
In colour, scent, and taste, and sound,
The energy of life is found.

The leaves are rustling in the breeze,
The bird chants forth her song ;
From field to brook, o'er heath, o'er trees,
The sunbeam glides along ;
The insect, happy in its hour,
Floats softly by, or sips the flower.

Now dewy rain descends, and now
Brisk showers the welkin shroud ;
I care not, though with angry brow
Frowns the red thunder-cloud ;
Let hail-storm pelt, and lightning harm,
'Tis Nature's work and has its charm.

Ah ! lovely Nature ! others dwell
Full favoured in thy court ;
I of thy smiles but hear them tell,
And feed on their report ;
Catching what glimpse an Ulcombe yields
To strangers loitering in her fields.

I go where form has ne'er unbent
The sameness of its sway ;
Where iron rule, stern precedent,
Mistreat the graceful day ;
To pine as prisoner in his cell,
And yet be thought to love it well.

Yet so His high dispose has set,
Who binds on each his part ;
Tho' absent, I may cherish yet
An Ulcombe of the heart ;
Calm verdant hope divinely given,
And suns of peace and scenes of heaven ;—

—A soul prepared His will to meet,
Full fixed His work to do ;
Not laboured into sudden heat,
But inly born anew.—
So living Nature, not dull Art,
Shall plan my ways and rule my heart.



DEPENDENCE.

Hickes's Devotions.

Fain would my thoughts fly up to Thee,
Thy peace, sweet Lord, to find,
But when I offer, still the world
Lays clogs upon my mind.

Sometimes I climb a little way,
And thence look down below ;
How nothing there do all things seem,
That here make such a show !

Then round about I turn my eyes,
To feast my hungry sight ;
I meet with Heaven in every thing,
In every thing, delight.

I see Thy wisdom ruling all,
And it with joy admire ;
I see myself among such hopes,
As set my heart on fire.

When I have thus triumph'd awhile,
And think to build my nest ;
Some cross conceit comes fluttering by,
And intercepts my rest.

Then to the earth again I fall,
And from the dust I cry,
'Twas not my wing, O Lord, but Thine,
That mounted me so high.

And now, my God, whether I rise,
Or still lie down in dust :
Both I submit to Thy blest will,
And both on Thee I trust.

Guide then my way, who art Thyself
My everlasting end ;
That every step, or swift, or slow,
Still to Thyself may tend.

CONSCIENCE.

Southey.

Free choice doth man possess of good or ill,—
All were but mockery else. From Wisdom's way
Too oft perverted by the tainted will
To his rebellious nature drawn astray ;
Therefore an inward monitor is given,
A voice that answers to the law of Heaven.

Frail as he is, and as an infant weak,
The knowledge of his weakness is his strength ;
For succour is vouchsafed to those who seek
In humble faith sincere : and when at length
Death sets the disembodied spirit free,
According to their deeds their lot shall be.

Thus, should the chance of private fortune raise
A transitory doubt, Death answers all.
And in the scale of nations, if the ways
Of Providence, mysterious we may call,
Yet rightly viewed, all history doth impart
Comfort, and hope, and strength, to the believing
heart.

SUPPORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

Wordsworth.

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only ;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence, and power ;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
—The darts of anguish *fix* not where the seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will Supreme
For Time and for Eternity ; by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of His perfections ; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently ; ill-done or left undone,
To the dishonour of His holy Name.
Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world !
Sustain Thou only canst, the sick of heart ;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto Thee and thine !

"I WILL LEAD THEM IN PATHS THAT THEY HAVE NOT KNOWN."

From "the Lost Brooch."

Man's best estate is poor and vain,
 A feeble transient show ;
His worst, a weary lot of pain,
 An ever-present woe.
Say, must not want and misery
Lead straight, my Saviour, up to thee !

Not paths in tangled solitude,
 Through rolling waters deep,
Through mighty fires, in tempest rude,
 Up sharp and craggy steep ;
Not these a path secure may be,
To lead, my Saviour, up to Thee !

Not sorrow's rod, nor sufferings dire,
 Not faith without a doubt,
Not angel's tongue, nor prophet's fire,
 Not martyr's blood poured out ;
Not these alone, sure path may be,
To lead, my Saviour, up to Thee !

Ah, who can tell the hidden way,
 His feet so soon must tread ;
How he shall follow and obey,
 Or where he shall be led ?
Unknown, untried, the paths must be,
That lead, my Saviour, up to Thee !

Through flowery meads, through verdant glades,
By waters still and clear ;
Or through dark vales and dismal shades,
Mid landscapes bleak and drear :
Such may the hidden pathway be,
That leads, my Saviour, up to Thee !

What matter,—whether through delight,
Or led through vale of tears,
Or seen at once, or hid from sight,
The glorious way appears ;
If step by step the path we see,
That leads, my Saviour, up to Thee !

THE PULLEY.

George Herbert.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
“ Let us,” said He, “ pour on him all we can ;
Let the world’s riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.”

So strength first made a way ;
Then Beauty flow’d, then Wisdom, Honour, Pleasure,
When almost all was out, God made a stay ;
Perceiving that alone of all His treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

“ For if I should,” said He,
 “ Bestow *this* jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of Me;
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:—
 So both should losers be.

“ Yet let him keep the rest ;
 But keep them, in repining restlessness.
 Let him be rich, and weary ; that, at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast.”

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

“ Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness.”

Lyra Apostolica.

δ.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on !
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on !
 Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path ; but now,
 Lead Thou me on !
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

FAITH.

"Yea, though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for Thou art with me."

Anon.

The child alone, in trembling goes
Into the darkened room,
His timid eyes in terror close
Against the silent gloom.

But if his father go before,
And hold him by the hand
And keep him close—he fears no more,
But boldly takes his stand.

And if he hear his father's voice
And clasp his hand the while,
His little heart can e'en rejoice,
And he can look and smile.

So let us follow to the tomb,
The steps that Jesus trod ;
He's gone before, and through the gloom
He leads us to our God.

SONNET.

Rev. R. C. Trench.

Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee ;
And shouldst thou there small scope of action see,
Do not for this give room to discontent ;
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hinderance or impediment.
For presently this hinderance thou shalt find
That, without which all goodness were a task
So slight, that Virtue never could grow strong :
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,
The Imposer's—over-burdened thou shalt ask,
And own thy need of grace to help ere long.

THE ORDER OF PROVIDENCE.

Spenser.

“ Of things unseen how canst thou deem aright ? ”
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
“ Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight ?
What though the sea with waves continual
Do eat the earth, it is no more at all ;
Ne is the earth the less, or loseth aught ;
For whatsoever from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide unto another brought ;
For there is nothing lost that may be found if sought.

Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it do fade,
For of the earth they formed were of yore ;
However gay their blossom or their blade
Do flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it if that when they die
They turn to that whereof they first were made ?
All in the power of their great Maker lie ;
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most High.

They live, they die like as He doth ordain,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hills do not the lowly dales disdain ;
The dales do not the lofty hills envy.
He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty ;
He maketh subjects to their power obey ;
He pulleth down, He setteth up on high ;
He gives to this, from that He takes away ;
For all we have is His : what He list do He may.

Whatever thing is done, by Him is done,
Ne any may His mighty will withstand ;
Ne any may His sovereign power shun ;
Ne loose that He hath bound with steadfast band ;
In vain therefore dost thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh His works anew,
Whose counsel's depth thou canst not understand,
Sith of things subject to thy daily view
Thou dost not know the causes nor their courses due.

For take thy balance, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow ;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise ;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow :
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall :
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That dost not know the least thing of them all ?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

DISCIPLINE.

George Herbert.

Throw away Thy rod :
Throw away Thy wrath !
O my God
Take the gentle path !

For my heart's desire
Unto Thine is bent ;
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own
But by book
And Thy book alone.

Though I fall, I weep ;
Though I halt in pace
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove ;
Love will do the deed ;
 For, with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot :
Love's a man of war,
 And can shoot
And can hit from far.

Who can scape his bow ?
That which wrought on *Thee*
 Brought *Thee* low,—
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod !
Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God !
Throw away Thy wrath.



CHASTISEMENT.

"Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."

Lyra Apostolica.

δ.

Lord, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine ;
I am all Thine,—Thy care and choice,
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given, ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan Thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,
Bright dreams, and fancyings strange ;
Blessings, when reason's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door
Unasked, unhopèd, have come ;
And, choicer still, a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw Thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,
Love-tokens in Thy stead,
Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side,
And thorn-encompassed head.

And such Thy loving force be still,
Mid life's fierce shifting fray,
Shaping to Truth self's froward will
Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove
The lure of power or name ;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness Love,
And Faith in this world's shame.



THE REMOVAL OF THE RIGHTEOUS, A WARNING
TO THE WICKED.

Henry Delaune.

Ere God on Sodom stretch'd His flaming hand,
He had a care to send just Lot away ;
So mostly still, when He will scourge a land,
Whom He best loves, he puts out of the way.

Early set forth on your eternal race ;
Th' ascent is steep and craggy ; you must climb ;
God, at all times, has promised sinners grace,
If they repent ;—but He ne'er promised Time.

Cheat not yourselves, as most, who *then* prepare
For Death, when life is almost turn'd to fume ;
One thief was saved, that no man need despair,
And but one thief, that no one might presume.

TYRE.

Lyra Apostolica.

β.

High on the stately wall
The spear of Arvad hung ;
Through corridor and hall
Gemaddin's war-note rung.
Where are they now ? the note is o'er ;
Yes ! for a thousand years and more
Five fathom deep beneath the sea
Those halls have lain all silently ;
Nought listing save the mermaid's song,

While rude sea-monsters roam the corridors along.

Far from the wondering East
Tubal and Javan came,
And Araby the blest,
And Kedar, mighty name.—
Now on that shore, a lonely guest,
Some dripping fisherman may rest,
Watching on rock or naked stone
His dark net spread before the sun,
Unconscious of the dooming lay,
That broods o'er that dull spot, and there shall brood
for aye.

THE TENTH PLAGUE.

Cowley.

It was the time when the still Moon
Was mounted softly to her noon
And dewy sleep, which from Night's secret springs
arose,
Gently as Nile the land o'erflows.
When, lo! from the high countries of refined day,
The golden heaven without allay—
Michael, the warlike prince, does downward fly,
Swift as the journeys of the sight,
Swift as the race of light,
And with his winged will cuts through the yielding sky.
He passed through many a star, and, as he passed,
Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there
Than they did in their sphere.
On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopped at last
And a mild look of sacred pity cast

Down on the sinful land where he was sent,
T' inflict a tardy punishment.
" Ah ! yet," said he, " yet, stubborn king ! repent,
Whilst thus unarm'd I stand,
Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded hand ;
Suffer but yet thyself, and thine to live :
Who would, alas ! believe,
'That it for man," said he,
" So hard to be forgiven should be,
And yet for God so easy to forgive !"

He spoke, and downwards flew,
And o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he threw,
Made of the blackest fleece of Night,
And close-wrought to keep in the powerful light,
Yet wrought so fine it hinder'd not his flight ;
But through the key-holes and the chinks of doors,
And through the narrowest walks of crooked pores,
He pass'd more swift and free,
Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee.
He took a pointed pestilence in his hand ;
The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made
The strongly temper'd blade,
The sharpest sword that e'er was laid
Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked land.
Through Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he march'd the sacred first-born strook
Of every womb ; none did he spare,
None from the meanest beast to Cenchre's purple heir.

The swift approach of endless night
Breaks ope the wounded sleepers' rolling eyes ;
They awake the rest with dying cries,
And darkness doubles the affright ;
The mixed sounds of scattered deaths they hear,
And lose their parted souls 'twixt grief and fear.
Louder than all, the shrieking women's voice
Pierces this chaos of confused noise ;
As brighter lightning cuts a way
Clear and distinguish'd through the day :
With less complaints the Zoan temples sound,
When the adored heifer's drown'd,
And no true-mark'd successor to be found.
Whilst health, and strength, and gladness, does
possess
The festal Hebrew cottages ;
The blest destroyer comes not there,
To interrupt the sacred cheer
That new begins their well-reformed year :
Upon their doors he read and understood,
God's protection, writ in blood ;
Well was he skill'd in th' character Divine ;
And, though he pass'd by it in haste,
He bow'd and worshipp'd, as he past,
The mighty mystery through its humble sign.





RULES AND LESSONS FOR LIFE.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

Henry Vaughan.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty : true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun ;
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day ; there are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good
After sun-rising ; far-day sullies flowers :
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures : note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a sprig
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing ?
O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world : let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine :
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries : the first, World's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styl'd their star ; the stone and hidden food :
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay :
Despatch necessities ; life hath a load
Which must be carried on and safely may :
Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

CONSTANCY.

George Herbert.

Who is the honest man?—

He that doth still and strongly, good pursue ;
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true.

Whom neither force nor fawning, can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind.

Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them : but does calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh.

All being brought into a sum,
What place, or person, calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo,
To use in any thing a trick or sleight ;
For above all things he abhors deceit.

His words, and works, and fashions too,
All of a piece ; and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations. When the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run.

The sun to others writeth laws ;
And is their virtue. Virtue is *his* sun.

Who when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way.

Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
But, though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wild world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs ; and share, not mend, the ill. —

This is the mark-man, safe and sure ;
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

A HAPPY LIFE.

Sir H. Wotton.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed
Nor ruin, make oppressors great.

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice : who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to send ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.



SONNET.

Rev. R. C. Trench.

We live not in our moments or our years—
The Present we fling from us as the rind
Of some sweet Future, which we after find
Bitter to taste, or bind *that* in with fears,
And water it beforehand with our tears—
Vain tears for that which never may arrive :
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live
Neglected or unheeded disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things ;
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE AND UNCERTAINTY
OF RICHES.*Cowley.*

Why dost thou heap up wealth which thou must quit,
Or what is worse, be left by it ?
Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,
Oh man, ordained to die ?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie ?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For Death, alas ! is sowing thee.

Suppose, thou Fortune couldst to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing ;
Suppose, thou couldst on Fate so far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail ;

Yet Death at all that subtilty will laugh ;
Death will that foolish gardener mock,
Who does a slight and annual plant engraft
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem ;
A mighty husband thou wouldst seem ;
Fond man ! like a bought slave, thou all the while,
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool ! that needs must meddling be
In business, that concerns not thee !
For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare ;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock which summer's wealth affords :
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry !

Of power and honour the deceitful light
 Might half excuse our cheated sight,
 If it of life the whole short time would stay
 And be our sunshine all the day ;

Like lightning, that, begot but in a cloud,
 (Though shining bright, and speaking loud,)
 Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
 And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh, scene of fortune, which dost fair appear
 Only to men that stand not near !
 Proud poverty, that tinsel bravery wears !
 And, like a rainbow, painted tears !

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep ;
 In a weak boat trust not the deep ;
 Placed beneath envy, above envying rise ;
 Pity great men, great things despise ;

The wise example of the heavenly lark,
 Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark ;
 Above the clouds let thy proud music sound,
 Thy humble nest build on the ground.

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

Lyra Apostolica.

δ.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
 That o'er thee swell and throng ;
 They will condense within thy soul,
 And change to purpose strong.

But he, who lets his feelings run,
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

FAREWELL TO SPLENDID FOLLIES.

Sir Philip Sidney.

Leave me, O Love ! which reachest but to dust ;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be ;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.
Oh ! take fast hold, let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out of death ;
And think how evil becomes him to slide,
Who seeketh Heaven and comes of Heavenly birth.
Then farewell, world, thy uttermost I see,
Eternal love, maintain thy life in me.

DUTY.

Wordsworth.

But know we not that he, who intermits
The appointed task and duties of the day,
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day;
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow, when purposes are lightly changed?

TRUE FREEDOM.

S. T. Coleridge.

—————Scenes so awful
With flashing light, force wisdom on us all?
E'en women at the distaff hence may see,
That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free;
May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,
None love their country but who love their home;
For freedom can with those alone abide,
Who wear the golden chain with honest pride,
Of love and duty, at their own fire-side:
While mad ambition ever doth caress
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness!

FORE-KNOWLEDGE.

George Wither.

I do not care to be inquisitive,
How many weeks or months I have to live,
For how is't like, that I should better grow,
When I my time shall twelve-month longer know,
If I dare act a villany, and yet
Know I may die whilst I am doing it?

RAILROAD.

ORDER.

C.

The Master saith, "Wise in their generation,
Yea, wiser than the glorious sons of light
Are this world's children." Ever true and right
Are all His sayings!—and this declaration
Most right and true! He that from the gate
Of morning issues, bringing illumination
On th' works of God, cannot anticipate
Their zeal; all day they toil, and deepest night
Beholds them at their several labours wait.
Nor only *thus* they teach; in all they do,
Zealous they are, but they are *ordered* too!
When we are also *ordered*—not till then,
Will the world own her Sovereign Lord, and men
Believe the message which we bear is true.

ANTICIPATION.

True child of thy dear Mother, do not waste
One sigh of sorrow, nor across thy brow
Let shade of anger pass, if, while as thou
Through this fair realm of England with such haste
Art speeding as thy fathers did not know,
Thou seest on either hand, in shapely row,

For earth's mean purposes, such structures rise,
That, as the east has sung, high agencies
Minister unto the bidding, it would seem,
Of the magician Man. In Nature's scheme
We learn by experiment in meaner thing
To attain to mastery. Thus Israel's King
On ceiled *house* his earlier care bestowed ;
And then from curtains called *the ark of God*.

REFLECTION.

Well thou hast sped ! Not faster ever clove
The finny denizen his crystal deep.
Nor faster, hurrying from his airy steep,
Hath rush'd adown th' imperial bird of Jove.
'Tis likest what we feel when dreamy sleep
Bears us to some high cliff—then from above
Down, down we sink to Earth's profoundest pit.
For this, hath man elicited its treasure
From the deep mine, made fire a servant fit
To work his purposes of ease or pleasure,
And the wave aeriform. Be thankful, but be wise !
By these material *masters** do not measure
Man's true advancement ; nor do thou despise
Life's earlier calm, and old time's charities.

* "Weak *masters* though ye be."—TEMPEST.

OLD SELF AND NEW SELF.

Lyra Apostolica.

β.

New Self.

Why sittest thou on that sea-girt rock
With downward look and sadly dreaming eye?
Playest thou beneath with Proteus' flock,
Or with the far-bound sea-bird wouldest thou fly?

Old Self.

I sit upon this sea-girt rock
With downward look and dreaming eye,
But neither do I sport with Proteus' flock,
Nor with the far-bound sea-bird would I fly.

I list the splash so clear and chill
Of yon old fisher's solitary oar :
I watch the waves that rippling still
Chase one another o'er the marble shore.

New Self.

Yet from the splash of yonder oar
No dreamy sound of sadness comes to me :
And yon fresh waves that beat the shore,
How merrily they splash, how merrily !

Old Self.

I mourn for the delicious days,
When those calm sounds fell on my childish ear,
A stranger yet to the wild ways
Of triumph and remorse, of hope and fear.

New Self.

Mournest thou, poor soul, and wouldest thou yet
 Call back the things which shall not, cannot be ;
 Heaven must be won, not dreamed ; thy task is set,
 Peace was not made for earth, nor rest for thee.

FASTIDIOUSNESS.

Lyra Apostolica.

ô.

Time was, I shrank from what was right,
 From fear of what was wrong ;
 I would not brave the sacred fight,
 Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
 And sorer shame aside ;
 Such dread of sin was indolence,
 Such aim at heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls I rise
 And calmly do my best ;
 Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
 Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led ;
 Men count my haltings o'er ;—
 I know them ; yet, though self I dread,
 I love His precept more.

SONNET.

Rev. R. C. Trench.

To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,
To leave so many lands unvisited,
To leave so many worthiest books unread,
Unrealized so many visions bright ;—
Oh ! wretched, yet inevitable spite
Of our short span, and we must yield our breath,
And wrap us in the lazy coil of death,
So much remaining of unproved delight.
But hush, my soul, and vain regrets be stilled,
Find rest in Him who is the complement
Of whatsoe'er transcends your mortal doom,
Of broken hope and frustrated intent ;
In the clear vision and aspect of whom
All wishes and all longings are fulfilled.



BOOKS.

George Wither.

For many books I care not, and my store
Might now suffice me, though I had no more
Than God's two Testaments, and therewithal
That mighty volume which the world we call.
For these well look'd on, well in mind preserv'd,
The present Age's passages observ'd ;
My private actions seriously o'erviewed,
My thoughts recalled, and what of them ensued,
Are books, which better far instruct me can,
Than all the other paper works of man ;
And some of these I may be reading too,
Where'er I come or whatsoe'er I do.

GREY HAIRS.

William Hunt.

These hairs of age are messengers
That bid me fast, repent, and pray ;
They be of death the harbingers,
That both prepare and dress the way.
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How far my race is for to run :
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is weak begun.
The which I feel, and you may see,
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical :
Their tones declare a time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall.
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such strings to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
No worse them take than I have meant :
That after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joy their lives well spent.
God grant likewise that you may see
Upon your head such hairs to be.

Supposed to be by Nicholas Breton.

I would I were an excellent divine,
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends,
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine
How God doth make His enemies His friends ;
Rather than with a thundering long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be
But a religious servant of my God :
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer Mercy's rod,
Joy in His grace and live but in His love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

Then would I frame a kind of faithful prayer
For all estates within the state of grace ;
That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might fearful love deface ;
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life,
Persuade the troubled soul to patience,
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To child and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend and to the neighbour peace,
That love might live and quarrels cease.

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all that all may be amended.

HOME.

Joseph Beaumont.

What is house and what is home,
Where with freedom thou hast room,
And may'st to all tyrants say,
This you cannot take away ?
'Tis no thing with doors and walls,
Which at every earthquake falls ;
No fair towers, whose princely fashion
Is but plunder's invitation ;

No stout marble structure, where
Walls eternity do dare ;
No brass gates, no bars of steel,
'Tho' Time's teeth they scorn to feel :
Brass is not so bold as pride,
If on Power's wings it ride ;
Marble's not so hard as spite
Arm'd with lawless strength and might.
Right and just possession, be
Potent names, when laws stand free :
But if once that rampart fall,
Stoutest thieves inherit all :
To be rich and weak's a sure
And sufficient forfeiture.

Seek no more abroad, say I,
House and home, but turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast ;
There alone dwells solid rest :
That's a close immured tower
Which can mock all hostile power.
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.
Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall :
In a cleanly, sober mind,
Heaven itself full room doth find.
Th' infinite Creator can
Dwell in it, and may not man ?
Here, content, make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.
Here in this sweet privacy,
May'st thou with thyself agree,

And keep house in peace, though all
The universe's fabric fall.
No disaster can distress thee,
Nor no fury dispossess thee :
Let all war and plunder come,
Still may'st thou dwell safe at home.
Home is everywhere to thee,
Who canst thine own dwelling be ;
Yea, though ruthless death assail thee,
Still thy soul's thine own ; and she
To an house remov'd shall be,
An eternal house above,
Wall'd and roof'd and pav'd with love.
There shall these mud walls of thine,
Gallantly repair'd, outshine
Mortal stars ;—no stars shall be
In that heaven, but such as thee.



PEACE.

Rev. H. Alford.

I have found Peace in the bright earth
And in the sunny sky :
By the low voice of summer seas,
And where streams murmur by.

I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love :
By the flickering of a twilight fire,
And in a leafless grove ;

I find it in the solemn flow
Of solitary thought :
In calm half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self-taught ;

But seldom have I found such peace
As in the soul's deep joy
Of passing onward free from harm
Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek, we only tire,
And lift our hopes too high ;
The constant flowers that line our way
Alone can satisfy.

PSALM XLIX.

From the "Psalter."

This lesson, all ye nations, hear,
 All dwellers of the world, give ear,
 Children of high and low ;
 Ye nameless band, and ye of race
 Renown'd—the wealthy and the base—
 Together mark and know.

My mouth would words of wisdom choose,
 My heart true counsel deeply muse,
 I stoop, mine ear to fill
 With a dark strain ; my harp would try
 A dim mysterious melody.—
 “Why should I fear in ill?”

“Why should dark days my spirit daunt,
 When sins of traitors round me haunt ?
 They who on gold rely,
 Who triumph o'er their swelling heaps,
 None of them all his brother keeps,
 None may redeem or buy ;

None with his God his ransom clear—
 Their souls' redemption is too dear,
 Still paid, and still to pay ;
 Not one achieves a deathless doom,
 An eye that ne'er may see the tomb,
 Victorious o'er decay.

None tries a ransom ; for he sees
The wise man die, stern Ruin seize
 The brutish souls and blind,
Their store, their might, to aliens cast.—
Yet domes for evermore to last
 They build them in their mind.

Their tabernacles for all time
They rear ; so dream they : town and clime
 By their own names they call ;—
Yet mortal man in glorious state,—
Where is he ? will his greatness wait
 Till dew of morning fall ?

Is he not like each grazing beast ?
All are cut off : their name hath ceas'd,
 Behold the way they walk.
O, senseless ! and in years to come,
Men shall accept their fearful doom
 With awed and wondering talk.

Even as a flock array'd are they
For the dark grave ; Death guides their way,
 Death is their shepherd now :
The just shall rule them in the morn,
The grave will waste their frame forlorn,
 Nor rest nor home allow.

My soul from touch of deadly doom
The Lord redeems : He takes me home.
 Then wherefore in dismay,

Though here and there one wealthy grow,
Or if his house all-glorious show ?
He carries nought away.

In death he leaves it all : his crown
Of glory goes not with him down.
What though alive he cheer
His soul, and call him great and blest ?
(And if thou make thine own the best,
The world will praise thee here :)

Yet to the portion of his sires
That soul must go, th'ethereal fires
Never again to mark.
Man thoughtless in his high estate,
With grazing herds may find a mate :
They perish in the dark."





THE CHURCH AND HER ORDINANCES.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

George Wither.

In my Religion, I dare entertain
No fancies hatched in mine own weak brain,
Nor private spirits ; but am ruled by
The Scriptures, and that Church Authority,
Which with the ancient Faith doth best agree ;
But new opinions will not down with me.
When I would learn, I never greatly care,
So truth they teach me, who my Teachers were ;
In points of faith I look not on the Man ;
Nor Beza, Calvin, neither Luther can
More things, without just proof, persuade me to
Than any honest parish Clerk can do.

The ancient Fathers (where consent I find)
Do make me, without doubting, of their mind ;
But where in his opinion any *one*
Of those great Pillars, I shall find alone,
(Except in questions which indifferent are,
And such as till his time unmoved were)
I shun his doctrine ; for, this swayeth me,
“ No man alone in points of faith can be.”

RELIGION.

From Daniel's Musophilus.

Sacred Religion ! mother of form and fear !
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd !
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear,
What stately piles we prodigal erect !
How sweet perfum'd thou art ! how shining clear !
How solemnly observ'd ! with what respect !

Another time all plain, all quite threadbare ;
Thou must have all within, and nought without,
Sit poorly without light, disrob'd : no care
Of outward grace, t' amuse the poor devout ;
Powerless unfollow'd : scarcely men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out.

THE CHURCHMAN TO HIS LAMP.

Lyra Apostolica.

γ.

Come, twinkle in my lonely room,
 Companion true in hours of gloom ;
 Come, light me on a little space,
 The heavenly vision to retrace,
 By Saints and Angels loved so well,—
 My Mother's glories ere she fell.

There was a time, my friendly Lamp,
 When, far and wide, in Jesus' camp,
 Oft as the foe dark inroads made,
 They watched and fasted, wept and pray'd,
 But now, they feast and slumber on,
 And say, "Why pine o'er evil done?"

Then hours of Prayer, in welcome round,
 Far-severed hearts together bound :
 Seven times a day, *on bended knee*,
 They to their Saviour cried ; and we—
 One hour we find in seven long days,
 Before our God to *sit* and *gaze* !

Then, lowly Lamp, a ray like thine
 Waked half the world to hymns divine,
 Now it is much if here and there
 One dreamer, by thy genial glare,
 Trace the dim Past, and slowly climb
 The steep of Faith's triumphant prime.

Yet, by His grace, whose breathing gives
Life to the faintest spark that lives,
I trim thee, precious Lamp, once more,
Our fathers' armoury to explore,
And sort and number wistfully
A few bright weapons, bath'd on high.

And may thy guidance ever tend
Where gentle thoughts with courage blend ;
Thy pure and steady gleaming rest
On pages with the Cross imprest ;
Till, touch'd with lightning of calm zeal,
Our fathers' very heart we feel.

SONNET.

Rev. George Wheeler.

God of our Fathers ! who in this our land,
When her sworn foes, with fury drunk and blind,
To work the ruin of Thy Church design'd,
Didst blast their counsels, and Thy outstretched hand,
Where her high towers in beauteous order stand,
Was as a shield of flame ; again combin'd

Men of all creeds, with men whose ulcerous mind
Frets at all creeds alike, a recreant band,

Again they rage ; and those who should be ours
With more than wishes, more than loud applause,

Abet their purpose ; still, though Danger lowers,
Strong in Thy strength we will not shrink or pause,

But on to meet it ! Nerve, oh ! nerve our powers,
God of our Fathers ! we maintain Thy cause.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

From the "Cathedral."

Methought I saw 'tween walls of deep decay,
Where thro' a mouldering portal look'd the moon,
A solitary Vestal kneel and pray,
Within that aged temple all alone,
With adoration still and pensive grown ;
Thus in a tottering world to ruin borne,
The Church doth trim her lamp, and wait the morn.

Tho' worn with watching, and with sadness clad,
Yet, oft as break the joyous stars on high,
She with that Virgin-mother's song is glad,
"Tho' poor am I, Thee will I magnify ;
Tho' no sublunar joy, nor hope have I,
Nor pillow of repose, nor worldly choice,
Yet I in God my Saviour will rejoice."

She has no voice ; but in that Virgin's song
Divinely meditates her holier praise,
Till her aisl'd courts bear the deep notes along
To latest time ; each evening stirs the blaze,
Filling her temple with the kindling rays,
And wakes the odorous store, till, far and nigh,
The house is fragrant with her piety

Holiest of women ! whom the Heavenly King
Chose for Himself, in earthly shrine inurn'd ;
Happiest of women ! for in thee the spring
Of all our woes back to its fount was turn'd,
Most honour'd—cloud wherein light's centre burn'd ;
But then dishonour'd most, when thou art seen
An idol, God and man to stand between.

Alas ! man's heart, in sinful consciousness,
Some fond and frail illusion still will frame,
Which to the house of health may find access,
Without repentance or a sinner's shame :
There is One only all-prevailing Name,
But unto Him none but the pure can look,
None but the penitent His presence brook.

Blessed was she on whose retirement broke
That Angel form, the star-portending morn ;
And blessed she, upon whose bosom woke,
And slept, the Eternal Child, the Virgin-born,
Who like a robe the Heaven of Heavens had worn ;
But oh, more blessed, Lord, by Thy dear name,
Is he who hears Thy word, and keeps the same.

For not in thee, thou maiden-mother mild,
As superstition deem'd, 'tis not in thee
That we rejoice, meek mother undefiled,
But in our God alone both thou and we :
For thou wast compass'd with humanity,
And Christ alone thy light, thy strength, thy tower,
Thine innocence, thy victory, thy dower.

Nor at thy feet adore we, tho' so bright
Upon thy head the gleams of ages pour ;
But with the Church rejoice, whose orient light
Shadowed thee forth in women famed of yore,
With Hannah sung, and Miriam on the shore,
"The Lord Himself hath triumph'd gloriously,
And thrown the horse and rider in the sea."

For how can we in our own selves rejoice ;
Our better hope it hath no certain stay,
Our will no steadfastness, and when our choice
Seems firmest set, pride shakes the tower of clay,
Too high for lowly building charity ;
Thou on Thy Church hast shower'd down Thy love,
And we are rich in her and Thee above.



DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

Drummond.

Jerusalem, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is nam'd,
In Heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stones are fram'd;
While angels guard her on each side,
Fit company for such a bride.

She deck'd in new attire from Heaven
Her wedding-chamber, now descends,
Prepar'd in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls, wherewith she is enclos'd,
And streets, are of pure gold compos'd.

The gates, adorn'd with pearls most bright,
The way to hidden glory show;
And thither by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus' merits, go
All those who are on Earth distress'd,
Because they have Christ's name profess'd.

These stones the workmen dress and beat,
Before they throughly polish'd are;
Then each is in his proper seat
Establish'd by the builder's care,
In this fair frame to stand for ever,
So join'd that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits on highest seat,
Glory and power given be ;
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity ;
Whose boundless power we still adore,
And sing their praise for evermore.

LENT.

George Herbert.

Welcome, dear feast of Lent : who loves not thee,
He loves not Temperance, or Authority,
But is composed of passion.
The Scriptures bid us fast : the Church says, now :
Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
To every Corporation.

The humble soul composed of love and fear,
Begins at home and lays the burden there
When doctrines disagree :
He says, in things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandal to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, seeking no evasion
When good and seasonable ;
Unless Authority, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it less
And Power itself disable.

Besides, the cleanness of sweet Abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions, at a small expense,
 A face not fearing light :
Whereas in fulness there are skittish fumes,
Sour exhalations and dishonest rheums
 Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendant profits, which the Spring
And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing
 And goodness of the deed.
Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
Spoil the good use ; lest by the argument
 We forfeit all our Creed.

'Tis true we cannot reach Christ's fortieth day ;
Yet to go part of that religious way
 Is better than to rest :
We cannot reach our Saviour's purity ;
Yet we are bid, "Be holy e'en as He."
 In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone,
Is much more sure to meet with Him, than one
 That travelleth by-ways.
Perhaps my God, though He be far before,
May turn, and take me by the hand, and more,
 May strengthen my decays.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sin, and taking such repast
As may our faults control :
That every man may revel at his door,
Not in his parlour ; banqueting the poor,
And among those his soul.

EASTER.

Lord John Manners.

The tiny flowers that cowered beneath
The Winter's angry wind,
Called by young Spring's refreshing breath,
To life their entrance find.

The tender blades spring up again,
To bless the hungry earth ;
While modest suns, and genial rain,
Watch fondly o'er their birth.

All gentle things that move above
The freshly-budded ground,
The pledges sure of parent's love,
At Easter-tide are found.

As bursts the flower from wintry bands
To sweetness and to bloom,
So the Redeemer of all lands
Bursts from His riven tomb.

Thus does all Nature speak a voice
That all who run may hear,
And bids the Christian's heart rejoice
Beside his Saviour's bier.

And thus the Church doth raise each year
Her high triumphant song,
Whose notes her faithful sons may cheer
All the bright summer long.

The trees that spread abroad their leaves
Beneath the suns of June,
The red ripe corn that stands in sheaves
Beneath the harvest-moon.

The warblings of the feathered race,
The glowing garden's pride,—
Are but fulfilments of the grace
Shed fresh at Easter-tide.

So grant us, Lord, Thy freshening dew,
Our drooping hearts to raise,
And still thine Easter grace renew
Throughout our length of days.

So may our Spring's fresh promise speak
Our Summer's brightening bloom,
Until in Autumn's fall we seek
An Easter-conquered tomb!

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Lyra Apostolica.

γ.

I thought to meet no more, so dreary seem'd
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,
Thy place in Paradise
Beyond where I could soar ;

Friend of this worthless heart ! but happier thoughts
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,
Where patiently thou tak'st
Thy sweet and sure repose.

The shadows fall more soothing : the soft air
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own ;
While Memory, by thy grave,
Lives o'er thy funeral day ;

The deep knell dying down, the mourners' pause
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate.—
Sure with the words of Heaven
Thy spirit met us there,

And sought with us along th' accustomed way
The hallowed porch, and entering in, beheld
The pageant of sad joy,
So dear to Faith and Hope.

O! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touched
The sacred springs of grief
More tenderly and true,

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,
Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne,
Guiding through light and gloom
Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve,
Around the western twilight, all subside
Into a placid Faith,
That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall;
So many relics of a frail love lost,
So many tokens dear
Of endless love begun.

Listen! it is no dream: th' Apostles' trump
Gives earnest of th' Archangel's;—calmly now
Our hearts yet beating high
To that victorious lay,

Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
Our treasure for a while:
And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
Touches the coffin lid ;
If at our brother's name,

Once and again the thought, "for ever gone,"
Come o'er us like a cloud ; yet, gentle spright,
Thou turnest not away,
Thou knowest us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
Till we too sleep and our long sleep be o'er ;
O cleanse us, ere we view,
That countenance pure again,

THOU, who canst change the heart, and raise the dead ;
As THOU art by to soothe our parting hour,
Be ready when we meet,
With Thy dear pardoning words.



INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Wordsworth.

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned,
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only, this immense
And glorious Work of fine Intelligence !
Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more ;
So deemed the Man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

MORWENNÆ STATIS HODIE MORWENTOR.

Rev. R. S. Hawker.

My Saxon shrine ! the only ground,
Wherein the weary heart hath rest,
What years the birds of God have found
Along thy walls their sacred nest !
The storm—the blast—the tempest-shock
Have beat upon those walls in vain ;

She stands—a daughter of the rock—
The changeless God's eternal fane!

Firm was their faith, the ancient bands,
The wise of heart in wood and stone,
Who rear'd with stern and trusting hands
Those dark grey towers of days unknown!
They filled these aisles with many a thought,
They bade each nook some truth recall,
The pillar'd arch its legend brought,
A doctrine came with roof and wall.

Huge, mighty, massive, hard and strong,
Were the choice stones they lifted then;
The vision of their hope was long,
They knew their God those faithful men.
They pitched no tent for change or death,
No home to man's last shadowy day,
There! there! the Everlasting Breath
Would breathe, whole centuries away!

See now along that pillar'd aisle,
The graven arches, firm and fair,—
They bend their shoulders to the toil,
And lift the hollow roof in air!
A sign! Beneath the Ship we stand,—
The inverted vessel's arching side;
Forsaken—when the fisher-band
Went forth to sweep a mightier tide!

Pace we the ground ! our footsteps tread
A Cross—the Builder's holiest form—
That awful couch where once was shed
The blood with man's forgiveness warm !
And here just where His mighty breast
Throbb'd the last agony away,
They bade the voice of worship rest,
And white-rob'd Levites pause and pray.

Mark, the rich rose of Sharon's bowers
Curves in the Paten's mystic mould,—
The lily, lady of the flowers,
Her shape must yonder Chalice hold :
Types of the Mother and the Son,
The twain in this dim Chancel stand ;
The badge* of Norman banners one,
And one a crest of English land !—

How all things glow with life and thought,
Where'er our faithful fathers trod !
The very ground with speech is fraught,
The air is eloquent of God.
In vain would doubt or mockery hide
The buried echoes of the past ;
A voice of strength—a voice of pride—
Here dwells amid the storm and blast !

* The rose and the fleur-de-lis were used as ecclesiastical emblems some centuries before they were assumed into the shield of Normandy and England.

Still points the tower, and pleads the bell,
The solemn arches breathe in stone,
Window and wall have lips to tell
The mighty faith of days unknown ;—
Yea ! flood, and breeze, and battle-shock,
Shall beat upon this Church in vain,
She stands the daughter of a rock—
The changeless God's eternal fane !





REPENTANCE.

HYMN UPON THE SUNDAYS IN LENT.

Drummond.

O merciful Creator, hear
Our prayers to Thee devoutly bent,
Which we pour forth with many a tear
In this most holy fast of Lent.

Thou mildest searcher of each heart,
Who know'st the weakness of our strength,
To us forgiving grace impart,
Since we return to Thee at length.

Much have we sinned, to our shame,
But spare us, who our sins confess ;
And for the glory of Thy name,
To our sick souls afford redress.

Grant that the flesh may be so pin'd
By means of outward abstinence,
As that the sober watchful mind
May fast from spots of all offence.

Grant this, O blessed Trinity !
Pure Unity, to this incline—
That the effects of fasts may be
A grateful recompense for Thine.

HYMN ON ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

George Wither.

Because the world might not pretend
It knew not of Thy coming day,
Thou didst, oh Christ, before Thee send
A crier to prepare Thy way :
Thy kingdom was the bliss he brought,
Repentance was the way he taught.

And that his voice might not alone
Inform us what we should believe,
His life declared what must be done,
If Thee we purpose to receive :
His life our pattern therefore make,
That we the course he took may take.

Let us not gad to pleasure's court,
With fruitless toys to feed the mind ;
Nor to that wilderness resort,
Where reeds are shaken with the wind ;
But tread the path he trod before,
That both a prophet was and more.

Clad in repentant cloth of hair,
 Let us, oh Christ, (to seek out Thee)
 To those forsaken walls repair,
 Which of so few frequented be ;
 And true repentance so intend,
 That we our courses may amend.

Let us hereafter feed upon
 The honey of the word divine ;
 Let us the world's enticement shun,
 Her drugs and her delicious wine ;
 And on our loins (so loose that are)
 The leathern belt of temperance wear.

Thus from the crier let us learn,
 For Thee, sweet Jesus, to prepare,
 And others of their sins to warn,
 However for the same we fare ;
 So Thou to us, and we to Thee,
 Shall when Thou comest welcome be.

FROM "ST. PETER'S COMPLAINT."

Robert Southwell.

Christ, health of fevered soul, heaven of the mind,
 Force of the feeble, nurse of infant loves,
 Guide to the wandering foot, light to the blind,
 Whom weeping wins, repentant sorrow moves,
 Father in care, mother in tender heart,
 Receive and save me, slain with sinful dart.

If King Manasses, sunk in depth of sin,
With plaints and tears recovered grace and crown ;
A worthless worm some mild regard may win
And lowly creep, where flying threw him down.
A poor desire I have to mend my ill,
I should, I would, I dare not say I will.

I dare not say I will, but wish I may ;
My pride is check'd, high words the speaker spilt.
My good, O Lord, Thy gift ; Thy strength my stay,
Give what Thou bid'st and then bid what Thou wilt ;
Work with me what Thou of me dost request
Then will I dare the most, and vow the best.

HYMN FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Bishop Middleton.

As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh ?
'Tis that I mourn departed days
Still unprepared to die.

The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed ;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

Yet, holy Father ! wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast ;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

My life's brief remnant all be Thine !
 And when Thy sure decree
 Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
 Oh, speed my soul to Thee !

VANITY.

George Herbert.

Poor silly soul, whose hope and head lies low,
 Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow ;
 To whom the stars shine not so fair as eyes,
 Nor solid work, as false embroideries ;
 Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure,
 And write for sweet, prove a most sour displeasure.

Oh, hear betimes, lest thy relenting
 May come too late !
 To purchase heaven for repenting
 Is no hard rate.
 If souls be made of earthly mould,
 Let them love gold ;
 If born on high,
 Let them unto their kindred fly :
 For they can never be at rest,
 Till they regain their ancient nest.
 Then, silly soul, take heed ; for earthly joy
 Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

TRANSLATION OF THE ANCIENT HYMN

“DIES IRÆ.”

Rev. I. Williams.

Day of wrath !—that awful day
Shall the banner'd cross display,
Earth in ashes melt away !

The trembling, the agony,
When His coming shall be nigh,
Who shall all things judge and try !

When the trumpet's thrilling tone
Through the tombs of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne,

Death and Time shall stand aghast,
And Creation at the blast,
Rise to answer for the past.

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read
Which shall judge the quick and dead !

Then the Judge shall sit !—Oh then,
All that's hid shall be made plain,
Unrequited nought remain.

What shall wretched I then plead ?
 Who for me shall intercede,
 When the righteous scarce is freed ?

King of dreadful Majesty,
 Saving souls in mercy free,
 Fount of Pity, save Thou me !

Bear me, Lord, in heart I pray,
 Object of Thy saving way,
 Lest Thou lose me on that day.

Weary, seeking me wast Thou,
 And for me in death didst bow—
 Be Thy toils availing now !

Judge of justice, Thee, I pray,
 Grant me pardon while I may,
 Ere that awful reckoning day.

O'er my crimes I guilty groan,
 Blush to think what I have done,
 Spare Thy suppliant, Holy One.

Thou didst set th' adultress free,—
 Heard'st the thief upon the tree,—
 Hope vouchsafing e'en to me.

Nought of Thee my prayers can claim,
 Save in Thy free mercy's name,
 Save me from the deathless flame !

With Thy sheep my place assign,
Separate from th' accursed line,
Set me on Thy right with Thine.

When the lost, to silence driven,
To devouring flames are given,
Call me with the blest to Heaven !

Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,
My bruised heart to ashes rend,
Care Thou, Lord, for my last end !

Full of tears the day shall prove,
When, from ashes rising, move

To the judgment guilty men,—
Spare, Thou God of mercy, then !

Lord all-pitying, Jesu blest !
Grant them Thine eternal rest.

Amen.





RESIGNATION.

THE RESIGNATION.

John Norris.

Long have I view'd, long have I thought,
And held with trembling hand this bitter draught :
'Twas now just to my lips applied ;
Nature shrank in, and all my courage died.
But now resolved and firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 'tis mingled, and reach'd out by Thee.

Since 'tis Thy sentence I should part
With the most precious treasure of my heart,
I freely that and more resign ;
My heart itself, as its delight, is thine ;
My little all I give to Thee—
Thou gav'st a greater gift, Thy Son, to me.

He left true bliss and joys above,
Himself He emptied of all good, but love ;
For me He freely did forsake
More good than He from me can ever take.
A mortal life for a divine
He took, and did at last even that resign.

Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give.

I hear thy voice ; Thou bid'st me quit
My paradise, I bless and do submit.

I will not murmur at Thy word,
Nor beg Thy Angel to sheath up his sword.

AFFLICTION.

Sir John Davies.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself, the mind can never meet.

Yet if Affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feeble sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire :

As spiders touched, seek their web's inmost part ;
As bees in storms, back to their hives return ;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart ;
As men seek towns when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, Affliction's looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near,)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately plucked me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught ;
Hath made my senses quick and reason clear ;
Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air :
So working lees settle and purge the wine :
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair :
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists, my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go ;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill :
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all :
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span,
I know my sense is mock'd in every thing,
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH IN THE UNQUIET REST
OF HIS LAST SICKNESS.

Eternal Mover, whose diffused glory
To show our grovelling reason what Thou art,
Infolds itself in clouds of restless story
Where man (the proudest creature) acts his part;
Whom yet, alas! I know not why, we call
The world's contracted sum, the little all.

For what are we but lumps of walking clay?
What are our wants? whence should our spirits rise?
Are not brute beasts as strong? birds as gay rise?
Trees longer lived, and creeping things as wise?
Only our souls receive more inward light,
To feel our weakness and confess Thy might.

Let these pure notes ascend unto Thy throne,
Where Majesty doth sit with Mercy crown'd;
Where my Redeemer lives, in whom alone
The errors of my wandering life are drown'd;
Where all the choir of Heaven resound the same,
That none but Thine, Thine is the saving Name.

Therefore, my soul, joy in the midst of pain,
That Christ that conquered Hell, shall from above
With greater triumphs yet return again,
And conquer His own justice with His love.
Commanding Earth and Seas to render those
Unto His bliss for whom he pay'd His woes.

Now have I done, now are my woes at peace,
And now my joys are stronger than my grief;
I feel those comforts that will never cease,
Future in hopes, but present in relief;
Thy words are true, the promises are just,
And Thou wilt know Thy marked flock in dust.

O THOU, WHOSE ALL-ENLIVENING RAY.

Bishop Jebb.

O Thou, whose all-enlivening ray
Can turn my darkness into day,
Disperse, great God, my mental gloom,
And with Thyself my soul illumine.
Tho' gathering sorrows swell my breast,
Speak but the word, and peace and rest
Shall set my troubled spirit free,
In sweet communion, Lord, with Thee.
What tho' in this heart-searching hour,
Thou dim'st my intellectual power;
The gracious discipline I own,
And wisdom seek at Thy blest throne;

A wisdom not of earthly mould,
Not such as learned volumes hold,
Not selfish, arrogant, and vain,
That chills the heart and fires the brain :
But Father of eternal light,
In fixt and changeless glory bright,
I seek the wisdom from above,
Pure, peaceful, gentle, fervent love.
Let love divine my bosom sway,
And then my darkness will be day ;
No doubts, no fears shall heave my breast,
For God himself will be my rest !

TEMPTATION.

S. R.

YE powers of darkness, 'tis your hour,
Gloomy fancies round me lower ;
Dark suspicions cloud my mind,
Faith is weak and reason blind :
And all comfort seemeth gone
Which my heart would lean upon !
Where is now the quiet breast
That should hush these storms to rest ?
Where the still-composed frame,
That said it would be aye the same ?
That seemed to stand serene and high,
On clear and strict philosophy.
'Tis like the bird that flits away,
And tarried but a summer's day ;

"Tis like the ray that gilds the stream,
Quench'd if the sun withholds his beam.
Human virtue, human strength,
True and sterling, yield at length,
Weak and transient when alone ;
Trust them :—and thou art undone.
Only God's sufficient aid
Can make them sound and keep them staid ;
Only that, when storms assail,
Is trustworthy and cannot fail ;
Only that, through Jesus' merit,
Can stay the heart and soothe the spirit,
Filling the soul in its distress
With everlasting cheerfulness.
My peace temptation shall not blot,
Tho' I am weak, One changeth not :
Such troubles oft my thoughts may move,
But may not touch my steadfast love ;
For let it lower, or let it shine,
That, Lord, unalterably is Thine ;—
So be thy vision dark or clear,
Love on, my soul ! thou need'st not fear.



THE VOICE WHICH I DID MORE ESTEEM.

George Wither.

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key ;
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day ;
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen,
But what I once enjoyed in them,
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus ;
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise
If present mercies we despise ;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

“ REJOICE EVERMORE.”

Rev. R. C. Trench.

But how should we be glad ?
We that are journeying through a vale of tears,
Encompassed with a thousand woes and fears,
How should we not be sad ?

Angels that ever stand
Within the presence-chamber, and there raise
The never-interrupted hymn of praise,
May welcome this command.

Or they whose strife is o'er,
Who all their weary length of life have trod,
As pillars now within the temple of God,
That shall go out no more.

But we who wander here,
We that are exiled in this gloomy place,
Still doom'd to water earth's unthankful face
With many a bitter tear—

Bid us lament and mourn,
Bid us that we go mourning all the day,
And we will find it easy to obey,
Of our best things forlorn ;

But not that we be glad ;
If it be true the mourners are the blest,
Oh, leave us in a world of sin, unrest,
And trouble, to be sad.

I spake, and thought to weep,
For sin and sorrow, suffering and crime,
That fill the world, all mine appointed time
A settled grief to keep.

When, lo ! as day from night,
As day from out the womb of night forlorn,
So from that sorrow was that gladness born,
Even in mine own despite.

Yet was not that by this
Excluded, at the coming of that joy
Fled not that grief, nor did that grief destroy
The newly risen bliss :

But side by side they flow,
Two fountains flowing from one smitten heart,
And ofttimes scarcely to be known apart—
That gladness and that woe ;

Two fountains from one source,
Or which from two such neighbouring sources run,
That aye for him who shall unseal the one,
The other flows perforce.

And both are sweet and calm,
Fair flowers upon the banks of either blow,
Both fertilize the soil, and where they flow
Shed round them holy balm.



THE WINTER THRUSH.

Lyra Apostolica.

γ.

Sweet bird ! up earliest in the morn,
Up earliest in the year,
Far in the quiet mist are borne,
Thy matins soft and clear.

As linnet soft, and clear as lark,
Well hast thou ta'en thy part,
Where many an ear thy notes may reach,
And here and there a heart.

The first snow-wreaths are scarcely gone
(They stayed but half a day)
The berries bright hang ling'ring on ;
Yet thou hast learned thy lay.

One gleam, one gale of western air
Has hardly brush'd thy wing ;
Yet thou hast given thy welcome fair,
Good-morrow to the spring !

Perhaps within thy carol's sound
Some wakeful mourner lies,
Dim roaming, days and years around,
That ne'er again may rise.

He thanks thee with a tearful eye,
For thou hast wing'd his spright
Back to some hour when hopes were nigh
And dearest friends in sight :

That simple, fearless note of thine
Has pierced the cloud of care,
And lit awhile the gleam divine
That blessed his infant prayer ;

Ere he had known, his faith to blight,
The scorner's withering smile ;
While hearts, he deem'd, beat true and right,
Here in our Christian Isle.

That sunny, morning glimpse is gone,
That morning note is still ;
The dun dark day comes lowering on,
The spoilers roam at will ;

Yet calmly rise, and boldly strive :
The sweet bird's early song,
Ere evening fall shall oft revive,
And cheer thee all day long.

Are we not sworn to serve our King ?
He sworn with us to be ?
The birds that chant before the spring,
Are truer far than we.

EARL BRISTOL'S FAREWELL.

Grieve not, dear love, although we often part,
But know that nature gently doth us sever,
Thereby to train us up with tender art,
To brook the day when *here* we part for ever.

For Nature doubting we should be surprised
By that sad day whose dread doth chiefly fear us,
Still keeps us daily school'd and exercised,
Lest that the fright thereof should overbear us.

IN DESOLATION.

Sir John Beaumont.

O Thou who sweetly bend'st my stubborn will,
Who send'st Thy stripes to teach, and not to kill ;
Thy cheerful face from me no longer hide,
Withdraw these clouds, the scourges of my pride :
I sink to hell, if I be lower thrown ;
I see what man is, being left alone.
My substance, which from nothing did begin,
Is worse than nothing by the weight of sin :
I see myself in such a wretched state,
As neither thoughts conceive, or words relate.
How great a distance parts us ! for in Thee
Is endless good, and boundless ill in me.
All creatures prove me abject, but how low,
Thou only know'st, and teachest me to know :

To paint this baseness, nature is too base ;
This darkness yields not but to beams of grace.
Where shall I then this piercing splendour find ?
Or, found, how shall it guide me, being blind ?
Grace is a taste of bliss, a glorious gift,
Which can the soul to heavenly comforts lift :
It will not shine to me whose mind is drown'd
In sorrows, and with worldly troubles bound.
It will not deign within that house to dwell,
Where dryness reigns, and proud distractions swell.
Perhaps it sought me in those lightsome days
Of my first fervour, when few winds did raise
The waves, and ere they could full strength obtain,
Some whispering gale straight charm'd them down
again ;

When all seem'd calm, and yet the Virgin's Child
On my devotions in his manger smiled ;
While then I simply walk'd, nor heed could take
Of complacence, that sly deceitful snake ;
When yet I had not dangerously refused
So many calls to virtue, nor abus'd
The spring of life, which I so oft enjoy'd,
Nor made so many good intentions void,
Deserving thus that grace should quite depart,
And dreadful hardness should possess my heart :
Yet in that state this only good I found,
That fever spots did then my conscience wound ;
Though who can censure, whether in those times,
The want of feeling, seemed the want of crimes ?
If solid virtue dwell not but in pain,
I will not wish that golden age again,

Because it flow'd with sensible delights
Of heavenly things : God hath created nights
As well as days, to deck the varied globe ;
Grace comes as oft clad in the dusky robe
Of desolations as in white attire,
Which better fits the bright celestial quire.
Some in foul seasons perish through despair ;
But more through boldness when the days are fair.
This, then, must be the med'cine for my woes,
To yield to what my Saviour shall dispose ;
To glory in my baseness ; to rejoice
In mine afflictions ; to obey His voice,
As well when threatenings my defects reprove,
As when I cherish'd am, with words of love ;
To say to Him in every time and place—
Withdraw Thy comforts, so Thou leave Thy Grace.

FOR PARENTS WHO HAVE LOST THEIR
CHILDREN.

George Wither.

Quite lost are now mine airy joys,
Once promis'd by a fruitful womb :
For my dear issue Death destroys ;
And full of grief I am become.

Those eyes, whereon I lov'd to look,
The voices, which made glad mine ear,
Are out of sight and hearing took,
And shall no more delight me here.

I am a plant whose leaves are cropp'd,
Whose pleasant fruit is pluck'd away ;
Whose hopeful branches down are lopp'd,
And left without a living spray.

To call me Father, none is left ;
My songs to mournful tunes are made,
And all the pleasures are bereft,
Which in a child I might have had.

Yet all rejoicing is not gone,
For, in my sorrows, comforts be ;
Because the soul which I bemoan,
Is found of *God*, though lost to me.

CONSOLATION.

Wordsworth.

My Friend ! enough to sorrow you have given,
The purposes of wisdom ask no more ;
Be wise and cheerful ; and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye.
She sleeps in the calm grave, and peace is here.
I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist and silent rain-drops silver'd o'er,
As once I pass'd, did to my heart convey
So still an image of tranquillity,

So calm and still, and look'd so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which fill'd my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
The passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appear'd an idle dream, that could not live
Where meditation was. I turn'd away,
And walk'd along my road in happiness.

SUBMISSION.

George Herbert.

But that thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are Thine,
My mind would be extremely stirr'd
For missing my design.

Were it not better, to bestow
Some place and power on me?
Then should Thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.

But, when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my sight;
And, pilfering what I once did give,
Disseise Thee of Thy right.

How know I, if Thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise Thee?
• Perhaps great places and Thy praise
Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand ;
I will no more advise :
Only do Thou lend me a hand,
Since Thou hast both mine eyes.





HOLY LIVING.

LINES WRITTEN BY DR. PETER HEYLYN, WITH A
BIBLE RICHLY GILDED, WHICH HE PRESENTED
TO A LADY.

Could this outside beholden be
To cost and cunning equally,
Or were it such as might suffice
The luxury of curious eyes ;
Yet would I have my dearest, look
Not on the cover, but the book.

If thou art merry, here are airs ;
If melancholy, here are prayers ;
If studious, here are those things writ
Which may deserve thy ablest wit ;
If hungry, here is food divine ;
If thirsty, nectar, heavenly wine.

Read then, but first thyself prepare
To read with zeal, and mark with care ;
And when thou read'st what here is writ,
Let thy best practice second it.
So twice each precept read shall be,
First in the book and next in *thee*.

Much reading may thy spirits wrong,
Refresh them therefore with a song ;
And that thy music praise may merit,
Sing David's Psalms, with David's spirit ;
That as thy voice doth pierce men's ears,
So shall thy prayer and vows the spheres.

Thus read, thus sing, and then to thee,
The very earth a heaven shall be ;
If thus thou readest thou shalt find
A private heaven within thy mind ;
And singing thus before thou die,
Thou sing'st thy part to those on high.

THE CHOICE.

Hickes' Devotions.

Lord, who shall dwell above with Thee,
There on Thy holy hill ?
Who shall those glorious prospects see,
That Heaven with gladness fill ?

Those happy souls, who prize that life
Above the bravest here ;
Whose greatest hopes, whose eag'rest strife
Is once to settle there.

They use this world, but value that,
That they supremely love ;
They travel through this present state,
But place their home above.

Lord ! who are they that thus choose Thee,
But those Thou first didst choose ?
To whom Thou gav'st Thy grace most free,
Thy grace not to refuse.

We of ourselves can nothing do,
But all on Thee depend ;
Thine is the work and wages too,
Thine both the way and end.

O make us still our work attend,
And we'll not doubt our pay ;
We will not fear a blessed end,
If Thou but guide the way.



CONSCIENCE.

Bishop Ken.

Thy glorious throne, is, Lord, on high,
Beyond the reach of mortal eye ;
But Thy vicegerent, we all know,
Is here below.

To Conscience Thou in every mind
Thy deputation hast assign'd ;
And Conscience who are all sincere
Next Thee revere.

Lord, on the ark form'd to enshrine,
Two tables of Thy law divine,
Thou 'twixt the cherubs didst display
Thy gracious ray.

Thou human soul for ark hast chose
In which Thy sacred laws repose,
There Conscience sheds with splendour bright
Vicarious light.

I grieve, my God, when I reflect,
On treating Conscience with neglect ;
Neglect to Thy sub-regent's throne
Affronts Thy own.

Great God, Thou art my Judge, my Guide,
My witness when I fall or slide,
My register, each beam, each mote,
Each hour to note.

My just remembrancer to keep
The memory of sins which sleep,
My monitor to point at snare
And rouse my care.

My Conscience is all this to me,
Lord, following that I follow Thee ;
It guides my way, it wakes my fear,
When danger's near.

In Conscience I recorded read,
Each sinful thought and word and deed,
When search'd minutely it recalls
Forgotten falls.

It is my Judge, and when I die
Dooms me to sink or mount on high ;
God will the sentence fix at last
Which Conscience pass'd.



THE RETREAT.

Henry Vaughan.

Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race ;
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love ;
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face ;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound ;
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense ;
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train ;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady city of Palm-trees ;

But, ah ! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move ;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

EMPLOYMENT.

Anonymous.

Man is a busy thing, and he
Will deal in all sorts of affairs,
Weighty and trivial ; each may be,
The subject of his greatest cares ;
But this shall my employment be,
Still to be busied, Lord, with Thee.

Some are all spirit, and will fly
At nothing lower than a throne ;
The proudest spires of dignity
They, in their hopes, have made their own :
But this shall my employment be,
To seek my honour all from Thee.

Some that are sprung from coarser clay
Adore a paint-disguised face,
And daily their devotion pay
To spotted beasts, or else as base :
But this shall my employment be,
Daily to serve and wait on Thee.

Some so enhance the price of gold,
They judge their souls to be but dross ;
And are so saving that they hold
The air, the breath, a mighty loss :
But this shall my employment be,
I will love nothing like to Thee.

Some are so loyal to the book
Till they can criticise, and tell
How many steps old Time has took
Since our great father Adam fell :
But this shall my employment be,
Better to know myself and Thee.

“ AN HONEST AND GOOD HEART.”

H.

In health and joy God's word we hear,
And though not all in vain,
It touches but the outward ear,
A sweet familiar strain.

Let sickness chafe, or sorrow frown,
Or care the spirit fray,
Or let our soul's bright sun go down,
And turn to night our day.

Let God to show our need and sin
But raise this fair earth's pall,
One little drop of wrath, within
Our cup of life let fall.

How deep, each well conn'd line, fresh found,
Will pierce the inmost heart ;
We hang upon the precious sound
Our life-breath to impart.

Words full long known, unheeded long,
Now flash in dazzling light ;
They speak with more than angel's tongue
To comfort or affright.

Yet Christ a master key has given,
High boon His saints may share,
To ope the golden doors of heaven
And lay its treasures bare.

There might we range in pastures bright,
And in and out might go ;
There ever find undying light
To dim this world's false glow.

Alas ! few hands that key can turn
Till taught by touch of pain ;
Earth's slaves toil out that secret stern,
The guileless find so plain.

Oh, for that heart, instinctive—good—
In pure obedience glad ;
Happy as spirit unsubdued,
Thoughtful as spirit sad !

THE KNIGHT AT THE HOUSE OF HOLINESS.

Spenser.

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight
That hither turns his steps ; so few there be
That choose the narrow path, or seek the right !
All keep the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their evil plight,
Than with a few to walk the rightest way.
O foolish Men ! why haste ye to your own decay ?

STEADFASTNESS.

S. R.

Many are the ways I see,
But one only good for me,
That which Thou, great God, hast shown
In the Gospel of Thy Son.

Pleasure palls, and business tires,
Honour oft in shame expires ;
Knowledge is a doubtful ray,
Friends, alas ! are things of clay.

But the sense of Thee, oh God,
Better things to man hath show'd,
And makes life the further on
More and more a blessed one.

Listen, listen to the call ;
Seek God's kingdom first of all ;
Do to Him whate'er you do :—
All shall then be well with you.

Earth may reel and men may fear,
Still to thee thy God is near ;
Keep the choice thy soul hath made,
“ Fear not then, nor be afraid ! ”

TRUE RELIGION.

Fulke Grevile, Lord Brooke.

Then man, pray and obtain ; believe and have :
Omnipotence and goodness ready be
To raise us, with our Saviour, from the grave,
Whence Enoch and Elias lived free ;
He made all good, yet suffered sin and death
To reign, and be exiled again by faith.

Then, till thou find this heavenly change in thee ;
Of pride to meekness ; atheism to zeal ;
Lust to continence ; anger to charity ;
Thou feel'st of thy election no true seal ;
But knowledge only, that poor infancy
Of this new creature, which must thence appeal
 Unto the Father for obedience ;
 Judging his hopes or condemnation thence.

For what else is religion in mankind,
But raising of God's image there decay'd ?
No habit, but a hallow'd state of mind
Working in us that He may be obey'd :
 As God, by it, with us communicates,
 So we, by duties, must with all estates ;

With our Creator, by sincere devotion ;
With creatures, by observance and affection ;
Superiors, by respect of their promotion ;
Inferiors, with the nature of protection ;
 With all, by using all things of our own
 For others' good, not to ourselves alone.

And ev'n this sacred band, this heavenly breath,
In man his understanding, knowledge is ;
Obedience, in his will ; in conscience, faith ;
Affections, love ; in death itself, a bliss ;
 In body, temperance ; life, humility ;
 Pledge to the mortal of eternity.

SENSUAL AND SPIRITUAL LIFE.

Henry More.

Fear, anger, hope, fierce vengeance, rabid hate,
Tumultuous joy, envy and discontent,
Self-love, vain glory, strife and fell debate,
Unsatiated covetize, desire impotent,
Low-sinking grief, pleasure, lust violent,
Fond emulation,—all these dim the mind,
That, with foul filth the inward eye yblent,
The light that is so near it cannot find ;
So shines the Sun unseen on a tree's rugged rind.

But the clear soul, by virtue purified,
Collecting her own strength, from the foul steam
Of earthly life, is often dignified
With that pure pleasure that from God doth stream ;
Often's enlightened by the radiant beam,
That issues forth from his Divinity ;
Then feelingly immortal she doth deem
Herself, conjoin'd by so near unity
With God, and nothing doubts of her eternity.

Nor death, nor sleep, nor any dismal shade
Of low contracting life, she then doth fear ;
No troubled thoughts her settled mind invade,
The immortal root of life she seeth clear,
Wisheth she ever were engrafted here ;
No cloud, no darkness, no deficiency
In this high heavenly life doth e'er appear ;
Redundant fulness, and free liberty,
Sweet-flowing knowledge, never-wearying energy :—

Broad, open sight, eternal wakefulness,
Withouten labour, or consuming pain :—
The Soul all these, in God, must needs possess
When there deep-rooted life she doth obtain.

THE ONLY SOURCE OF GOOD.

Spenser.

What man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vain assurance of mortality,
Which all so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly ?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory :
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, the power and eke the
will.



THE MISTAKE CORRECTED.

Hickes' Devotions.

Why do we seek felicity,
Where 'tis not to be found ;
And not, dear Lord, look up to Thee,
Where all delights abound ?

Why do we seek for treasure here,
On this false barren sand ;
Where nought but empty shells appear,
And marks of shipwreck stand ?

O world, how little do thy joys,
Concern a soul that knows
Itself not made for such low toys,
As thy poor hand bestows !

How cross art thou to that design
For which we had our birth !
Us, who are made in Heaven to shine,
Thou bowest down to earth :

Nay to thy Hell ; for thither sink
All that to thee submit :
Thou strew'st some flowers on the brink,
To drown us in the pit.

World, take away thy tinsel wares,
That dazzle here our eyes ;
Let us go up above the stars,
Where all our treasure lies.

The Way we know ; our dearest Lord
Himself is gone before,
And has engaged His faithful Word,
To open us the door.

But, O my God, reach down Thine hand,
And take us up to Thee ;
That we about Thy throne may stand,
And all Thy glories see.

All glory to the sacred Three,
One ever-living Lord :
As at the first, still may He be
Belov'd, obey'd, ador'd.

ST. MATTHEW'S DAY.

From the Child's Christian Year.

O Lord, Thy presence is reveal'd
By mountain and by flood,
By woodland and by quiet field,
And homes where dwell the good.

But at the sinner's thoughtless board
Who hopes for trace of Thine ?
Yet there in mercy, gracious Lord,
Thou settest still Thy sign.

Thy holy presence shines there yet ;
Since by Thy blessed Son,
While sinners round at meat were set
His Father's work was done.

'Tis bliss for those whose path must be
Through busy scenes, to feel
How with the evil mingled He
In meekness, love, and zeal.

Blest thought, for every faithful heart
That pure would still remain,
Yet do its firm but gentle part
Amid the bad and vain.

Good Lord ! thro' this world's troubled way
Thy children's path secure ;
And lead them onward, day by day,
Kindly, like Thee, and pure.

Be theirs to do Thy work of love,
All erring souls to win ;
Amid a sinful world to move,
Yet give no smile to sin.

HAPPINESS.

"WHOSO LOOKETH INTO THE PERFECT LAW OF LIBERTY AND CONTINUETH THEREIN, HE BEING NOT A FORGETFUL HEARER BUT A DOER OF THE WORK, THIS MAN SHALL BE BLESSED IN HIS DEED."

S. R.

Stoop down until you thoroughly see
Into Christ's Law, that rules the free ;
Take care you see and catch the whole,
Then cling to it with heart and soul,—
No hearer only, that forgets,
But one who straight to working sets ;
Be such, and be (such work pursuing)
Blest in the deed and in the doing.

CONTENT.

John Cleveland.

Soar then (my soul) above the arched round
Of these poor spangled blisses : here's no ground
To fix the sacred foot of pure content,
Her mansion's in a purer element.

Hast thou perceiv'd the sweetness of a groan ?
Or tried the wings of contemplation ?
Or hast thou found the balm of tears that press
Like amber in the dregs of bitterness ?
Or hast thou felt that secret joy that flows
Against the tide of common overthrows ?
Or hast thou known the dawns of a God
Upon thee when His love is shed abroad ?

Or hast thou heard the sacred harmony
Of a calm conscience echoing in thee
A requiem from above ? a sealed peace
Beyond the power of hell, sin, or disease ?
Or hast thou tasted that communion
Between a reconciled God and man ?
That holy intercourse ? those precious smiles
Dissolv'd in holy whisperings between whiles ?
Here, here's the steps lead to the bless'd abode ;
Her chair of state is on the throne of God.

THE ELIXIR.

George Herbert.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see ;
And, what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee :

Not rudely as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make Thee prepossess'd,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or if he pleaseth through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake ;
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which with his tincture, FOR THY SAKE,
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause,
 Makes drudgery divine :
 Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
 Makes that, and th' action, fine.

This is the famous stone,
 That turneth all to gold ;
 For that which God doth touch and own,
 Cannot for less be told.

CHEERFULNESS.

“ HER WAYS ARE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS, AND ALL HER PATHS
 ARE PEACE.”

S. R.

What makes the calm and healthful mind
 Cheerful alike through every kind
 Of trial or distress ;
 That still on every scene doth throw
 A light more soft than vernal glow,
 By its own evenness ?

Is it the flower of early youth,
 The flow of innocence and truth,
 That shows so sweetly fair ?

Ah, no ! the lightest heart I've seen
In the breast of an aged sire hath been,
 When life was quenching there !

Is it the spring that health doth give
To cheeks where blooming roses live
 With mirth and spirit high ?
Then why should yonder suffering maid
Long time on her restless pallet laid,
 Bear up so cheerfully ?

It is not youth, it is not health,
Nor flow of life, nor ease of wealth,
 Can yield such steadfast joy :
A mind self-ruled by Christian laws,
Alone hath that, from whence it draws,
 What nothing can alloy.

Retire within thyself, be bold,
With God exalted converse hold
 In penitence and prayer :
Learn as thou view'st the soft blue sky,
To rise in holy ecstasy,
 And claim a Father there.

Affect not thou the claim of worth,
It fits but ill, frail son of earth,
 To measure works with Heaven ;
Confess thy sins, be inly just,
Be pure of heart, and simply trust
 Through Christ thou'lt be forgiven.

As life's brief pastimes come and go,
Be temperate still, and taste them so,
 As wearied nature's feast ;
Whate'er of pleasures vain men boast,
Be sure they still enjoy them most
 Who cling to them the least.

Contemplate oft this passing scene,
How soon 'twill be, as it had not been,
 And thence high comfort borrow ;
So shall thy mind by wisdom taught,
Feel strongly, here our time is short,
 Yet feeling know no sorrow.

The sun doth set, the stars do fade,
Beauty's a blossom, life a shade,
 Earth's joys wax less and less ;
This fair world's place shall be forgot,
The heavens shall pass : yet changeth not
 The good man's cheerfulness.



CONTENT AND REST.

Robert Southwell.

I dwell in Grace's court
Enrich'd with virtue's rights ;
Faith guides my wit, Love leads my will,
Hope all my mind delights.

In lowly vales I mount
To pleasure's highest pitch,
My silly garb true honour brings,
My poor estate is rich.

My conscience is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest,
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

Enough, I reckon wealth
That mean, the surest lot
That lies too high for poor contempt,
Too low for envy's shot.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil ;
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I have no hopes but one,
Which is of heavenly reign,
Effects attained or not descried,
All lesser hopes refrain.

I feel no care for gold,
Well-doing is my wealth ;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
The wings of swelling pride :
Their fall is worst that from the height
Of greatest honours slide.

Since sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear,
I bear so low and small a sail
As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage
While fury's flame doth burn ;
It is in vain to stop the stream
Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
And ebbing wrath doth end,
I turn a late enraged foe
Into a quiet friend.

And taught with often proof,
A temper calm I find
To be most solace for myself,
Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
My clothes more fit than fine,
I know I feed and clothe a foe,
That pampered would repine.

I envy not their happiness
Whom fortune doth advance ;
I take no pleasure in their pain
That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall
I deem a losing game ;
All states with others' ruin built
To ruin run amain.

No change of Fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down ;
When Fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when in froward mood
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Small loss to let her go.

ON THE INCOMPARABLE TREASURE OF THE
HOLY SCRIPTURE.

Thomas Jordan.

Here is the spring where waters flow,
To quench our heat of sin ;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,
To lead our lives therein.

Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
Where men's devices fail ;
Here is the Bread that feeds the life,
That death cannot assail.

The tidings of salvation dear
Come to our ears from hence ;
The fortress of our faith is here,
And shield of our defence.

Then be not like the swine, that hath
A pearl at his desire,
And takes more pleasure at the trough,
And wallowing in the mire.

Read not this book in any case
But with a single eye ;
Read not, but first desire God's grace
To understand thereby.

Pray still in faith, with this respect,
To fructify therein ;
That knowledge may have this effect,
To mortify thy sin.

Then happy thou in all thy life,
What so to thee befalls ;
Yea, double happy shalt thou be,
When God by death thee calls.

FROM "THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL."

Sir John Davies.

O ignorant poor man ! what dost thou bear
Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast ?
What jewels and what riches hast thou there ?
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest ?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood :
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace :
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quickening power with surfeitings :

Mar not her sense with sensuality :

Cast not her wit away, on idle things :

Make not her free will, slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,

Think not that death against her nature is ;

Think it a birth : and when thou go'st to die,

Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with curious eye,

To view the beams of thine own form divine,

Know that thou can'st know nothing perfectly,

While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of over-weening, and compare

Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train :

Study the best and highest things that are,

But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise

The glory of thy Maker's sacred name :

Use all thy powers, that blessed Power to praise,

Which gives thee power to be, and use the same.



THE WORTH OF HOURS.

R. M. Milnes, Esq.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by;

For every man's weak self, alas !
Makes him to see them as they pass
As through a dim or tinted glass :

But if in earnest care, you would
Metre out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content :

And more, though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm,—

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be linked again
By all mere Memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise,—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies :

So should we live, that every Hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power ;

That every Thought and every Deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed ;

Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren Joy.





PRAYER AND PRAISE.

Wordsworth.

“How beautiful this dome of sky,
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At Thy command, how awful! Shall the soul
Human and rational report of Thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice:
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here; where Thou hast built,
For Thy own glory in the wilderness!
Me didst Thou constitute a Priest of Thine,
In such a Temple as we now behold
Reared for Thy presence: therefore, am I bound
To worship, here, and everywhere—as one

Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,
From childhood up, the way of poverty ;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued.—By Thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched ;
And 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
From Paradise transplanted ; wintry age
Impends ; the frost will gather round my heart ;
And, if they wither, I am worse than dead !
—Come, Labour, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual Sabbath ; come, Disease and Want ;
And sad exclusion through decay of sense ;
But leave me unabated trust in Thee—
And let Thy favour, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things—
Father of heaven and earth ! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content.”

“ And what are things eternal ? Powers depart,”
The grey-haired Wanderer steadfastly replied,
Answering the question which himself had asked,
“ Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat :
But by the storm of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists ;—immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies ;

Whose kingdom is where Time and Space are not.
Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart,
Do with united urgency, require,
What more that may not perish? Thou dread Source,
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all,
That, in the scale of Being fill their place,
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained;—Thou—who didst wrap the cloud
Of Infancy around us, that Thyself,
Therein, with our simplicity awhile
Mightest hold, on earth, communion undisturbed—
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its deathlike void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restorest us, daily, to the powers of sense,
And reason's steadfast rule—Thou, Thou alone
Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,
Which Thou includest, as the Sea her waves:
For adoration Thou endur'st; endure
For consciousness the motions of Thy will;
For apprehension those transcendant truths
Of the pure Intellect, that stand as laws,
(Submission constituting strength and power)
Even to thy Being's infinite majesty!
This Universe shall pass away—a work
Glorious! because the shadow of thy might,
A step or link, for intercourse with Thee.
Ah! if the time must come, in which my feet
No more shall stray where Meditation leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned Mind

May yet have scope to range among her own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
Still it may be allowed me to remember
What visionary powers of eye and soul
In youth were mine ; when, stationed on the top
Of some huge hill—expectant, I beheld
The Sun rise up, from distant climes returned,
Darkness to chase, and sleep ; and bring the day,
His bounteous gift ! or saw him toward the Deep
Sink—with a retinue of flaming Clouds
Attended ; then my spirit was entranced
With joy exalted to beatitude ;
The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with light,
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !”

ON A PRAYER-BOOK SENT TO MISTRESS M. R.

Crashaw.

Lo ! here a little volume, but great book,
 (Fear it not sweet,
 It is no hypocrite,)
Much larger in itself, than in its look.

It is in one rich handful, Heaven, and all
Heaven's royal host, encamped thus small :
To prove that true, schools used to tell,
A thousand angels in one point could dwell.

It is love's great artillery,
Which here contracts itself, and come to lie
Close couch'd in your white bosom, and from thence
As from a snowy fortress of defence
Against the ghostly foe to take your part :
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is the armoury of light ;
Let constant use but keep it bright,
 You'll find it yields
To holy hands and humble hearts,
 More swords and shields
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.

 Only be sure,
 The hands be pure,
That hold these weapons, and the eyes
Those of turtles, chaste and true,
 Wakeful and wise.
Here is a friend will fight for you.
Hold but this book before your heart,
Let prayer alone, to play his part.

But, O ! the heart
That studies this high art,
Must be a sure house-keeper
And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong,
Mercy will come ere long,
And bring her bosom full of blessings,
Flowers of never-fading graces ;

To make immortal dressings
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for Him, who is alone
The Spouse of virgins and the Virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom when He comes
Shall find the wandering heart from home,
Leaving her chaste abode,

To gad abroad :

Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies
To take her pleasures, and to play
And keep the Devil's holiday ;
To dance in the sunshine, of some smiling
But beguiling

Spear of sweet and sugared lies ;
Some slippery pair
Of false perhaps as fair,
Flattering, but forswearing eyes—

Doubtless some other heart
Will get the start,
And stepping in before,
Will take possession of the sacred store
Of hidden sweets, and holy joys,
Words which are not heard with ears,
(These tumultuous shops of noise,)
Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul itself more feels than hears.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

Hickes's Devotions.

Behold, we come, dear Lord, to Thee,
And bow before Thy throne :
We come to offer on our knee,
Our vow to Thee alone.

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy bounty freely gave,
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

But, O ! can all our store afford,
No better gift for Thee !
Thus we confess Thy riches, Lord,
And thus our poverty.

'Tis not our tongue, or knee, can pay
The mighty debt we owe ;
Far more we should, than we can say,
Far lower should we bow.

Come, then, my soul, bring all thy powers,
And grieve thou hast no more ;
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.

But above all prepare thy heart,
On this His own blest day;
In its sweet task to bear thy part,
And sing, and love, and pray.

HYMN FOR THE MORNING.

Thomas Flatman.

Awake, my soul ! awake, mine eyes !
Awake, my drowsy faculties !
Awake, and see the new-born light
Spring from the darksome womb of night !
Look up and see th' unwearied sun,
Already has his race begun ;
The pretty lark is mounting high,
And sings her matins in the sky.
Arise, my soul ! and thou, my voice,
In songs of praise early rejoice !

O, great Creator, Heavenly King !
Thy praises let me ever sing !
Thy power has made, Thy goodness kept
This fenceless body while I slept ;
Yet one day more hast given me
From all the powers of darkness free :
O, keep my heart from sin secure,
My life unblameable and pure,
That when the last of all my days shall come,
Cheerful and fearless I may wait my doom.

•

HYMN FOR THE EVENING.

Thomas Flatman.

Sleep! downy Sleep! come, close mine eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities!
Sweet slumbers, come, and chase away
The toils and follies of the day;
On your soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world, and learn to die.
O, Israel's watchful Shepherd! spread
Tents of angels round my bed;
Let not the spirits of the air,
While I slumber me ensnare;
But save Thy suppliant free from harms,
Clasp'd in Thine everlasting arms.

Clouds and thick darkness are thy throne,
Thy wonderful pavilion:
Oh, dart from thence a shining ray,
And then my midnight shall be day!
Thus, when the morn in crimson dress'd
Breaks through the windows of the east.
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise,
Like incense, or the morning sacrifice!

AD PRIMUM.

C.

The Star of Light has risen now!
And suppliant before God we bow,
That He would guide our steps aright,
Himself the uncreated Light!

Far from our hearts, our hand, our tongue,
Be banish'd thought or word of wrong ;
Let simple Truth our lips restrain,
And Love within our bosoms reign.

As onward from its fountain well
The day-stream flows our Sentinel !
Each sense's portal be Thy care,
From foes that keep their station there !

O Lord ! whate'er this day we do,
Let it to Thy renown accrue !
Our labours bless with Thy regard,
Their Author and their high reward !

Lest erring nature should control
Our mind, and riot in the soul ;
Let self-denial from its height
Cast down usurping appetite !

To Him enthron'd supremest Lord,
And to His well-beloved Word,
With the blest Spirit, glory be,
Now, and throughout Eternity.

AD LAUDES.

C.

Again the morning's brightness calls
To worship in the hallowed halls ;
And warns us for the joyous gift
On high our grateful voices lift.

But bright as the morn's lustre glows,
Brighter the victor Saviour rose:
And since in Him we conquer too,
Joyous we pay the homage due,

That, coming from its swathing band,
He called at once the sea and land
Resplendent all with purest light—
—This was the triumph of his *might*!

But more than willingly He gave
His life our sinful race to save—
(That life resumed in realms above)
—This was the triumph of His *love*!

When the eternal eye surveyed
The world, which His own Word had made,
(All in the hues of Heaven imbued,)
He blessed it and pronounced it good.

But the bright shows of Earth and Sky
Were fairer in the Maker's eye,
When in the Lamb's resplendent blood
All purified and white they stood.

The morning's brightness shows unfurl'd
The glories of the new-born world,
And he that watches by them sees
Glimpses of Heaven's high palaces.

In *Christ* our bosom's living fire,
The splendour of th' Eternal Sire,
Within the veil of flesh we see
Such as He is the Deity!

Grant, ever blest and triune Lord,
Led by the light Thy laws afford,
That what Thou hatest we may shun,
And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done.

DOMINICA AD NOCTEM.

C.

On this day of highest worth,
Light from darkness bursting forth,
Christ from His sepulchral prison
The true Light of the world has risen.

And Death and horrid Chaos heard
The voice of the commanding Word.—
Then, O shame! more dull than they,
Shall we linger to obey?

No, while yet in deathlike guise
Entranced Nature buried lies,
Rouse we up the sons of light,
And exercise with songs the night.

The Law, the Prophets, and the Lyre
Of David, warm with living fire,
(Silent th' unhallow'd world around)
Shall through these sacred vaults resound.

Yes, let the trumpet voice of song
Dispel the slumber cherish'd long ;
And let new energies display
Life new returning with the day !

For these are ours, Font of Love !
If Thou but guide us from above ;
Thy Spirit by His mystic art,
Convey the *letter* to the *heart*.

Father and Son ! to You we raise,
And to the blessed Spirit praise,
Who kindles by His breath divine
The rays that warm as well as shine.

MORNING HYMN.

Child's Christian Year.

Again, O Lord, I ope my eyes,
Thy glorious light to see,
And share the gifts so largely lent
To thankless man, by Thee.

And why has God o'er me this night
The watch so kindly kept ?
And why have I so safely waked,
And why so sweetly slept ?

And wherefore do I live and breathe ?
And wherefore have I still
The mind to know, the sense to choose,
The strength to do Thy will ?

Is it to waste another day
In folly, sin, and shame?
To give to these my heart and hand,
And spurn my Maker's claim?

Is it for honour, wealth, or power,
My heaven-born soul to sell?
Is it to grasp at pleasure's flowers
Upon the brink of hell?

Is it to grow unto the world
As glides the world from me:
Be one day nearer to the grave,
And farther, Lord, from Thee?

No! thus too many days I've spent,
To Thee, then, this be given;
Teach what I owe to man below
And to Thyself in Heaven.

O, bring me to my Saviour's Cross,
For mercy for the past:
And make me live the coming day
As if it were my last!



EVENING HYMN.

George Wither.

Lord, should we oft forget to sing
A thankful evening-song of praise,
This duty, they to mind might bring,
Who chirp among the bushy sprays.

For to their perches they retire,
When first the twilight waxeth dim ;
And, every night, that sweet-voiced quire
Shuts up the daylight with a hymn.

Ten thousand fold more cause have we,
To close each day with praiseful voice ;
To offer thankful hearts to Thee,
And in Thy mercies to rejoice.

For, from Thy wardrobe cloth'd we are ;
Our health we do by Thee retain ;
Our daily bread Thou dost prepare ;
And givest ease when we have pain.

Therefore, for all Thy mercies past ;
For those this evening doth afford ;
And which for times to come Thou hast ;
We give Thee hearty thanks, O Lord !

Continued let Thy bounties be,
And from our Ghostly Foe's despite,
(Though we deserve it not from Thee)
Defend us this ensuing night.

When we shut up in darkness lie,
Let not the guilt of any sin,
Appear our souls to terrify
With frights which bring despairings in.

But free from harms and slavish fear,
Let us a peaceful rest obtain ;
That when the morning shall appear,
We may renew Thy praise again.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

Bishop Ken.

My God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take ;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high ;
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest
Before the throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine :
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will intrust ;
Oh ! make me Thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
Or some fallen angel's vacant seat :
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter day.

O, may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand ;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

All praise to Thee in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made ;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The Sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight :
My soul, O lighten and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great name !

Blest Jesu ! Thou on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul, how canst thou weary grow
Of antedating bliss below,
In sacred hymns and heavenly love,
Which will eternal be above ?

Shine on me, Lord ; new life impart ;
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart :
One ray of Thy all-quickenning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night !

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice ;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



THE TEMPER.

George Herbert.

How should I praise Thee, Lord ! how should my
rhymes

Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If, what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel !

Although there were some forty heavens, or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all ;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score ;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

Oh, rack me not, to such a vast extent !
Those distances belong to Thee.
The world's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost stretch,
A crumb of dust, from heaven to hell ?
Will great God measure with a wretch ?
Shall he thy stature spell ?

O, let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
Oh, let me roost and nestle there :
Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
And I, of hope and fear.

Yet take Thy way ; for sure that way is best :
Stretch, or contract, me Thy poor debtor ;
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere.

THE INVITATION.

Anonymous.

Lord, what unvalued pleasures crown'd
The days of old ;
When Thou wert so familiar found,
Those days were gold ;—

When Abram wish'd thou couldst afford
With him to feast ;
When Lot but said, " Turn in, my Lord,"
Thou wert his guest.

But, ah ! this heart of mine doth pant,
And beat for Thee ;
Yet Thou art strange, and wilt not grant
Thyself to me.

What, shall Thy people be so dear
To Thee no more ?
Or is not Heaven to earth as near
As heretofore ?

The famish'd raven's hoarser cry
Finds out Thine ear ;
My soul is famish'd, and I die,
Unless Thou hear.

Oh ! Thou great Alpha ! King of kings !
Or bow to me,
Or lend my soul seraphic wings
To get to Thee.

EVENING.

Anonymous.

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
Recorded every thought and deed ;
May He, who to Thy throne ascended,
Now for our pardon intercede !
The day is past, with joy or sorrow
Charging life's uncertain length :
May Thy Spirit for the morrow
Teach us hope, and give us strength !

Not to vague, though powerful, feeling,
Not to false, though visioned, trance,
Not to words the substance stealing
From the purpose they advance :
Be that coming strength devoted,
But to works of daily good,
Our brethren or ourselves promoted
Homeward on the narrow road.

PSALM XCIII.—DOMINUS REGNAVIT.

Sir Philip Sidney.

Cloth'd with state and girt with might,
Monarch-like Jehovah reigns,
He who earth's foundation pight,
 Pight at first, and yet sustains.
He whose stable throne disdains
 Motion's shock, and age's flight :
He who endless, One remains,
 One, the same in changeless plight.
Rivers, yea, though rivers roar,
 Roaring though sea billows rise,
Vex the deep and break the shore,
 Stronger art Thou, Lord of skies.
Firm and true Thy promise lies,
 Now and still as heretofore,
Holy worship never dies
 In Thy house where we adore.

PSALM CXLVIII.

George Sandys.

You who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries ;
You whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers.
Angels, your clear voices raise,
Him your heavenly armies praise ;
Sun and moon with borrowed light,
All yon sparkling eyes of night ;

Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of Heavens His praise declare.
His deserved praise record,
His, who made you by His Word,
Made you evermore to last,
Set you bounds not to be past.
Let the earth His praise resound,
Monstrous whales, and seas profound,
Vapours, lightnings, hail, and snow,
Storms which when He bids them, blow ;
Flowery hills and mountains high,
Cedars, neighbours to the sky ;
Trees that fruit in season yield,
All the cattle of the field,
Savage beasts, all creeping things,
All that cut the air with wings.
You who awful sceptres sway,
You inured to obey.
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth,
Youths and virgins flourishing
In the beauty of your spring ;
You who bow with age's weight,
You who were but born of late ;
Praise His name with one consent.
O, how great ! how excellent !
Than the earth profounder far,
Higher than the highest star,
He will us to honour raise,
You His saints resound His praise
You who are of Jacob's race,
And united to His grace.

HYMN WRITTEN AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE,
IN JERUSALEM.

George Sandys.

Saviour of mankind, Man, Emmanuel !
Who sinless died for sin : who vanquish'd hell :
The first fruits of the grave : whose life did give
Light to our darkness ; in whose death we live :—
Oh ! strengthen Thou my faith, convert my will,
That mine may Thine obey ; protect me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul seal'd with thy seal.—So, in that hour,
When Thou (whose body sanctified this tomb,
Unjustly judged,) a glorious Judge shall come
To judge the world with justice ; by that sign
I may be known, and entertain'd for Thine.

EVENING HYMN.

Thomas Browne.

The night is come ; like to the day
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.
Keep still in my horizon : for to me
The Sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep ;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.

Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as JACOB's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance,
Make my sleep a holy trance.
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought ;
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble Sun.
Sleep is a death ; O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die :
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at least with Thee.
And thus assured, behold I lie
Securely, or to awake or die.
These are my drowsy days ; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again :
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake for ever.





THANKFULNESS.

Rev. R. C. Trench.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are fill'd,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

GOOD MORROW.

George Gascoigne.

You that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the East ;
Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,
Come, help me now to sing :
Each willing wight, come, bear a part,
To praise the heavenly King.

And you whom care in prison keeps,
Or sickness doth suppress,
Or secret sorrow breaks your sleeps,
Or dolours do distress ;
Yet bear a part in doleful wise,
Yea, think it good accord,
And acceptable sacrifice,
Each sprite to serve the Lord.

The dreadful night with darksomeness
Had overspread the light,
And sluggish sleep with drowsiness
Had overprest our might ;
A glass wherein you may behold
Each storm that stops our breath—
Our bed the grave, our clothes like mould,
And sleep like dreadful death.

Yet as this deadly night did last
But for a little space,
And heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face ;
So must we hope to see God's face,
At last, in heaven on high,
When we have changed this mortal place
For immortality.

And of such haps and heavenly joys,
As then we hope to hold,
All earthly sights and worldly toys
Are tokens to behold.
The day is like the day of doom—
The sun, the Son of man—
The skies, the heavens,—the earth, the tomb
Wherein we rest till then.

The rainbow bending in the sky,
Bedecked with sundry hues,
Is like the seat of God on high,
And seems to tell these news :—
That as thereby He promised
To drown the world no more,
So, by the blood which Christ has shed,
He will our health restore.

The misty clouds that fall sometime,
And overcast the skies,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dim our eyes ;

But as such dews are dried up quite
When Phœbus shows his face,
So are such fancies put to flight,
When God doth guide to grace.

The little birds which sing so sweet,
Are like the angels' voice,
Which render God His praises meet,
And teach us to rejoice :
And as they more esteem that mirth
Than dread that night's annoy,
So must we deem our days on earth
But hell, to heavenly joy.

Unto which joys for to attain
God grant us all His grace,
And send us, after worldly pain,
In heaven to have a place ;
Where we may still enjoy that light
Which never shall decay :—
Lord, for Thy mercy, lend us might
To see that joyful day.

GAIETY OF HEART.

Southey.

Scoff ye who will ! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day !
For so that inward light by Nature given
Shall still direct and cheer me on my way,
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

ON A REVIEW OF GOD'S MERCIES TO HIM IN HIS
TRAVELS.*George Sandys.*

DEO OPT. MAX.

O Thou, who all things hast of nothing made,
Whose hand the radiant firmament display'd,
With such an undiscerned swiftness hurl'd
About the steadfast centre of the world ;
Against whose rapid course the restless sun,
And wandering flames in varied motions run,
Which heat, light life, infuse ; time, night, and day
Distinguish ; in our human bodies sway :
That hung'st the solid earth in fleeting air,
Vein'd with clear springs, which ambient seas repair :
In clouds the mountains wrap their hoary heads ;
Luxuriant valleys cloth'd with flowery meads :
Her trees yield fruit and shade ; with liberal breasts,
All creatures she (their common mother) feasts.
Then man Thy image mad'st ; in dignity,
In knowledge and in beauty like to Thee ;
Placed in a heaven on earth : without his toil
The ever flourishing and fruitful soil
Unpurchased food produced : all creatures were
His subjects serving more for love than fear,
He knew no Lord but Thee ; but when he fell
From his obedience, all at once rebel.
And in his ruin exercise their might :
Concurring elements against him fight :
Troops of unknown diseases—sorrow, age,
And death assail him with successive rage.
Hell let forth all her furies : none so great,
As man to man, ambition, pride, deceit :

Wrong arm'd with power, lust, rapine, slaughter
reign'd,
And flatter'd vice, the name of virtue gain'd.
Then hills beneath the swelling waters stood,
And all the globe of earth was but one flood,
Yet could not cleanse their guilt : the following race
Worse than their fathers, and their sons more base ;
Their God-like beauty lost—sin's wretched thrall ;
No spark of their divine original
Left unextinguished ; all enveloped
With darkness ; in their bold transgressions dead ;
When thou didst from the East a light display,
Which rendered to the world a clearer day ;
Whose precepts from hell's jaws our steps withdraw,
And whose example was a living law :
Who purg'd us with His blood ; the way prepared
To heaven, and those long-chain'd-up doors unbarred.
How infinite Thy mercy ! which exceeds
The world Thou mad'st as well as our misdeeds !
Which greater reverence than Thy justice wins,
And still augments Thy honour by our sins.
O, who hath tasted of Thy clemency
In greater measure, or more oft than I !
My grateful verse Thy goodness shall display,
O Thou, who went'st along in all my way :
To where the morning with perfumed wings
From the high mountains of Panchœa springs,
To that new-found-out world, where sober night
Takes from the antipodes her silent flight ;
To those dark seas, where horrid winter reigns,
And binds the stubborn floods in icy chains :
To Libian wastes, whose thirst no showers assuage,

And where swollen Nilus cools the lion's rage.
Thy wonders in the deep have I beheld ;
Yet all by those on Judah's hills excell'd :
There where the Virgin's Son His doctrine taught,
His miracles, and our redemption wrought :
Where I, by Thee inspir'd, His praises sung ;
And on His sepulchre my offering hung.
Which way soe'er I turn my face or feet,
I see Thy glory, and Thy mercy meet ;
Met on the Thracian shores, when in the strife
Of frantic Simoans Thou preserv'dst my life.
So when Arabian thieves belaid us round,
And when by all abandon'd Thee I found.
That false Sidonian wolf, whose craft put on
A sheep's soft fleece, and me Bellerophon
To ruin by his cruel letter sent ;
Thou didst by Thy protecting hand prevent.
Thou sav'st me from the bloody massacres,
Of faithless Indians ; from their treacherous wars ;
From raging fevers ; from the sultry breath
Of tainted air, which cloy'd the jaws of death ;
Preserv'd from swallowing seas, when towering waves
Mixed with the clouds, and opened their deep graves ;
From barbarous pirates ransom'd ; by those taught
Successfully with Salian Moors we fought.
Then brought'st me home in safety ; that this earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my birth :
Blest with a healthful age ; a quiet mind,
Content with little ; to this work designed,
Which I at length have finished by Thy aid,
And now my vows have at Thy Altar paid.

SONNET.

Drummond.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights that present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers :
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare ;
A stain to human sense, in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven ?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.





CONTEMPLATION.

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

John Norris.

Hail, thou most sacred, venerable thing!
What muse is worthy thee to sing?
Thee from whose pregnant, universal womb,
All things, even light, thy rival, first did come.
What dares he not attempt, that sings of thee,
Thou first and greatest mystery?
Who can the secrets of thy essence tell?
Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible.

Before great Love this monument did raise,
This ample theatre of praise;
Before the folding circles of the sky
Where tuned by Him, who is all harmony;
Before the morning stars their hymn began,
Before the council held for man,

Before the birth of either time or place,
Thou reign'st unquestion'd monarch in the empty
space.

Thy native lot thou didst to light resign,
But still half of the globe is thine.
Here with a quiet, but yet awful hand,
Like the best emperors thou dost command.
To thee the stars above, their brightness owe,
And mortals their repose below;
To thy protection fear and sorrow flee,
And those that weary are of light, find rest in thee.

Though light and glory be the Almighty's throne,
Darkness is His pavilion;
From that, his radiant beauty, but from thee
He has His terror and His majesty:
Thus when He first proclaimed His sacred law,
And would His rebel subjects awe,
Like princes on some great solemnity,
He appeared in robes of state, and clad Himself with
thee.

The bless'd above do thy sweet umbrage prize,
When cloy'd with light, they veil their eyes;
The vision of the Deity is made
More sweet and beatific by thy shade;
But we, poor tenants of this orb below,
Don't here thy excellencies know
Till death our understandings does improve,
And then our wiser ghosts thy silent night-walks love.

But thee I now admire, thee would I choose
For my religion, or my muse.
'Tis hard to tell whether thy reverend shade
Has more good votaries, or poets made :
From thy dark caves were inspirations given,
And from thick groves went vows to Heaven.
Hail, then, thou muse's and devotion's spring,
'Tis just we should adore, 'tis just we should thee
sing.

CHARITAS NIMIA, OR THE DEAR BARGAIN.

Crashaw.

Lord, what is man ? why should he cost Thee
So dear ? what had his ruin lost Thee ?
Lord, what is man ? that thou hast over-bought
So much a thing of nought.

Love is too kind, I see, and can
Make but a simple merchant-man.
'Twas for such sorry merchandise
Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what wert to Thee
If there were no such worms as we ?
Heaven ne'er the less still Heaven would be.
Should mankind dwell
In the deep Hell,
What have his woes to do with Thee ?

Let him go weep
O'er his own wounds ;
Seraphims will not sleep,
Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds.

Still would the youthful spirits sing,
And still Thy spacious palace ring ;
Still would those beauteous ministers of light
Burn all as bright
And bow their flaming heads before Thee ;
Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee ;
Still would those ever wakeful sons of fire
Keep warm Thy praise,
Both nights and days,
And teach Thy lov'd Name to their noble lyre.

Let froward dust then do its kind ;
And give itself for sport to the proud wind.
Why should a piece of feeble clay plead shares
In the eternity of Thy old cares ?
Why shouldst Thou bow Thy awful breast to see
What mine own madneses have done with me ?

Should not the king still keep his throne,
Because some desperate fool's undone ?
Or will the world's illustrious eyes
Weep for every worm that dies ?

Will the gallant sun
E'er the less glorious run ?

Will he hang down his golden head,
Or e'er the sooner seek his western bed,
Because some foolish fly
Grows wanton and will die ?

If I were lost in misery,
What was it to Thy heaven and Thee ?
What was it to Thy precious blood,
If my foul heart call'd for a flood ?
What if my faithless soul and I
Would needs fall in
With guilt and sin,
What did the Lamb that he should die ?
What did the Lamb that he should need,
When the wolf sins, himself to bleed ?

If my base lust
Bargain'd with death, and well beseeming dust,
Why should the white
Lamb's bosom write
The purple name
Of my sin's shame ?
Why should his unstain'd breast make good
My blushes with his own heart-blood ?

O my Saviour, make me see
How dearly Thou hast paid for me.

That lost again, my life may prove,
As then in death, so now in love.

DIVINE EJACULATION.

John Quarles.

Great God, whose sceptre rules the earth,
Distil Thy fear into my heart,
That being wrapt with holy mirth,
I may proclaim how good Thou art:
Open my lips, that I may sing,
Full praises to my God, my King.

Great God, Thy garden is defaced,
The weeds thrive there, the flowers decay;
O call to mind Thy promise past,
Restore thou them, cut these away.
Till then let not the weeds have power
To starve or stint the poorest flower.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still
The mount whereto my hopes do flee;
O make my soul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorr'd by Thee:
Lord, let Thy gracious trials show
That I am just, or make me so.

Shall mountain, desert, beast and tree,
Yield to that heavenly voice of Thine,
And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone—this heart of mine?
No, Lord, Till Thou new-bore mine ear,
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Fountain of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade ;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

Lord God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, O what shall we
Return to Heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee ?
We have no offering to impart,
But praises and a wounded heart.

O Thou, that sitt'st in Heaven and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest,
Command my soul, and cure my sin :
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possess'd, and bless'd in Thee :
What I enjoy, oh, make it mine,
In making me—that have it—Thine.

When winter-fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer-friends,—when eyes grow strange,—
When plighted faith forgets its vows,
When earth and all things in it change,—

O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never—
Where once Thou lov'st Thou lov'st for ever.

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel and live.
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

Francis Quarles.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air, her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd quire sustains me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared with Thee?

I love the sea, she is my fellow creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee?
Without Thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without Thy presence earth gives no refection;
Without Thy presence sea affords no treasure;
Without Thy presence air's a rank infection;
Without Thy presence heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in Thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honours that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of Thy living fire:
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms if compared to Thee.

Without Thy presence, wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom, but folly; joy, disquiet—sadness:
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness:
Without Thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?
Not having Thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?
And having Thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossess'd of Thee.

A HERMIT'S MEDITATION.

Anonymous.

In lonesome cave
Of noise and interruption void,
His thoughtful solitude
A Hermit thus enjoyed:

His choicest book
The remnant of a human head,
The volume was—whence he
This solemn lecture read.

Whoe'er thou art,
Partner of my retirement now,
My nearest intimate,
My best companion thou !

On thee to muse
The busy world I left,
Of converse all but thine—
And silent *that*—bereft.

Wert thou the rich,
The idol of a gazing crowd ?
Wert thou the great,
To whom obsequious thousands bow'd ?

Was learning's store
E'er treasured up within this shell?

Did wisdom e'er within
This empty hollow dwell?

Did youthful charms
E'er redden on this ghastful face?

Did beauty's bloom these cheeks,
This forehead ever grace?

If on this brow,
E'er sat the scornful haughty frown;
Deceitful Pride! where now
Is that disdain?—'tis gone!

If cheerful mirth
A gayness o'er this baldness cast;
Delusive, fleeting joy!
Where is it now?—'tis past!

To deck this scalp,
If tedious long lived hours it cost;
Vain fruitless toil! where's now
That labour seen?—'tis lost!

But painful sweat,
The dear earned price of daily bread,
Was all perhaps that thee
With hungry sorrows fed.

Perhaps but tears,
Surest relief of heart-sick woe,
Thine only drink, from down
These sockets used to flow.

Oppressed perhaps
With misery, and with aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'st
A few and hoary hairs.

'Tis well perhaps
No marks, no tokens can I trace,
What on this stage of life
Thy rank or station was.

Nameless, unknown,
Of all distinctions stripped and bare,
In nakedness concealed,
Oh, who shall thee declare ?

Nameless, unknown,
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice,
No human visage see.

From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone ;
Nor yet have either lost
What we could call our own.

What *we* are now,
The great, the wise, the fair, the brave,
Shall all hereafter be,
All hermits in the grave.

Rev. Henry Alford.

I sought for Novelty—in vain

I searched the stores of Nature through :
But now the object wished I gain—
Thy mercies, Lord, are ever new.

I sought for Beauty—set of sun,
And rainbow, and the rising light,—
These all were fair, and quickly gone ;
Thy face, my God, is always bright.

I sought Fidelity—some friends
Have fallen away, and some endure :
And Death the firmest love-knot rends ;—
Thy Love, O Lord, alone is sure.

I sought for Truth—the more I sought
A living lie around me grew ;
False was all joy, all speech, all thought—
Thy promise, Lord, alone is true.



MINISTERING SPIRITS.

M. H.

My Mother, in God's Holy Word
You read the Prophet of the Lord
Did to his trembling servant's sight
Reveal the glorious Angels bright,
And bade him cease his foes to fear,
Since God had placed those Guardians near;
And, oh ! I often long to know
If Angels still are sent below,
If I may ever hope to see
An Angel watching over me.

My darling Child, the eye of sense
Is closed by God's omnipotence ;
But to the eye of faith is given
Glimpse of the Messengers of Heaven,
And the pure heart allowed by grace
The spirit-ministry to trace
Through Nature's works, till all around
The mysteries of God are found,
The starry sky, the flower-gemmed dell,
Peopled by Powers invisible.

Mother, I feel the starry sky
Looks nightly down with beaming eye,
And you have bid me deem each star
A sun to light great worlds afar,
And taught that God sustains the whole,
Ruling by ministered control,
Till I have thought those glorious things
Glowed 'neath the fan of Angel-wings ;

But, oh ! so far above they seem,
The thought flits by me as a dream ;
And still I often long to know
Angels are ministering below ;
Then tell me how in flower-gemmed dell
To trace them, though invisible.

My Child, my Child, you lately read
How Philip, by the Spirit led,
The Ethiopian lord o'ertook,
Who dimly scanned God's Holy book,
Who read, yet failed to understand,
Till he, ordained by God's command,
The text explained—So round us lie
The records of the Deity,
Strewn o'er each verdant mead, they swell
The debt of Love ineffable,
Glow in the sunset clouds, or pour
Their grateful balm in dewy shower,
Yet speak not but to those "whose mind
Is set to hallow all they find."
To such, who tread the Church's ways
In sacred round of prayer and praise,
Each varying season brings its store
Of more than scientific lore—
They know that ministry of Heaven
To bless the Christian's path is given,
And they can see each flower caressed
By Angel-hands, with influence blessed
E'en to their souls, whose finer sense can feel
More subtle beauty than those forms reveal.

Mother, dear Mother, when the king-cups gay,
And the sweet cowslips call me out to play,
When I shall seek the flower you love the best,
The hidden violet, to perfume your breast,
When the bright starwort lifts its dazzling eye
As gazing on its kindred of the sky,
And the pale primrose peeping through its leaves,
From early dew its cordial receives,
Mother, dear Mother, may I think they show
Where Angel-footsteps guard our paths below,
Or cluster there in rich embroidery bright,
To deck an Angel's robe of purest white?
Such thought were sweet—yet, Mother, I would see
With faithful eye an Angel watching me.

My Child, it was when outward foe drew nigh,
That guardian Angels cheered the Prophet's eye;
Such foe in peaceful times, may not be thine,
Yet thou shalt need a guardianship divine.
Pray, then, that Angel-ministry may stand
To gird thy loins, to arm thy feeble hand,
To prompt to holy thoughts, to urge the way
Of lowly duty, when thy thoughts would stray,
To guide thy feet in paths thy Saviour trod,
And lead through blest obedience to thy God.





LIFE AND TIME.

CHILDHOOD.

From the Baptistery.

Ere sin hath brush'd away the morning bloom,
How great the care to holy Childhood due,
When streaks of purple morn the cheek illumine,
And light the drops of the Baptismal dew !
It is a precious sight, which angels view
In trembling joy and hope ; immortal Love
Hangs o'er it, watching every opening hue,
For such alone on this bad earth may prove
Meet for his golden house in highest Heaven above.

Childhood in God's own temple ever found,
As when the lamps of Eve their shadow flung,
And Samuel heard the awful voice profound ;
Or when the Temple with hosannahs rung,
And Christ was welcomed by the infant tongue !

Yea, Christ himself is seen a holy Child,
Sitting His heavenly Father's courts among :
Then what, O Lord, 'mong men by sin beguil'd,
Is for Thy Temple meet, but Childhood undefil'd ?

Sweet Childhood, shadow of Celestial Love,
Train'd to look up and hold a parent's hand,
And ever lift the eye to one above ;
Which knows not yet, while it obeys command,
Hopes all, and all believes ; Elysian land,
Where that which is most lovely, seems most true !
Sweet unsuspecting Childhood, whose sweet wand
 Bids fair enchanting scenes arise to view,
Faint emblem of that Love that maketh all things
 new !

Thou dost o'er all thine own dear charms diffuse,
And through our weary life we turn to thee
As to a fountain fresh, where heavenly dews
Are on each scene, and after all we flee
To what we loved in holier infancy :
Meek Childhood, in my soul again arise,
Drinking the air of immortality,
Thou shed'st o'er life a gleam of Paradise,
Lifting the earth to Heaven or bringing down the
 skies !

Blest is the shield, when Childhood's Innocence
Watches around like some unearthly spell,
Ere it has flown before the manlier sense :
Instinctive spirits, which in virtue dwell,
Keep ward within, and from their citadel

Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers ! sweetly your time ye spent ;
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament ;
And, after death, for cures.

I follow straight, without complaints or grief ;
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.



Shirley.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things :
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hands on kings :
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds :
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds !
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb.
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

EMBLEMS.

From "England's Helicon."

As withereth the primrose by the river,
As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains :
So melts, so vanishes, so fades, so withers
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, (which short life gathers),
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy !
The withered primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer's sun, from weeping fountains,
The light blown bubble, vanished for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew.
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubble which on water stood,
E'en such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight called in and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies ;
The stream dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past and man forgot.

TIME.

Jasper Mayne.

Time is the feather'd thing,
And whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy locks, and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old ;
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flowers and roses do appear.
Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire ;
Flames turn to frost ; and ere we can
Know how our cheek turns pale and wan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

"MAN'S FLITTING LIFE FINDS SUREST STAY,
WHERE SACRED VIRTUE BEARETH SWAY."

Anonymous.

The sturdy rock for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain:
The marble stone is pierced at length
With little drops of drizzling rain.
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obey'th the hammer stroke.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthy skill
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is no thing, but time doth waste:
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But virtue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious Fame;
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death, whatso betides,
The state of virtue never slides.

NOTHINGNESS OF MATTER.

Lyra Apostolica.

δ.

In Childhood, when with eager eyes,
The season-measured year I viewed,
All garbed in fairy guise,
Pledged constancy of good.

Spring sang of heaven ; the summer-flowers
Let me gaze on, and did not fade ;
Even suns o'er autumn's bowers
Heard my strong wish, and stayed.

They came and went, the short-lived four,
Yet as their varying dance they wove,
To my young heart each bore
Its own sure claim of love.

Far different now ;—the whirling year
Vainly my dizzy eyes pursue ;
And its fair tints appear
All blent in one dusk hue.

Why dwell on rich autumnal lights,
Spring-time, or winter's social ring ?
Long days are fire-side nights,
Brown autumn is fresh spring.

Then what this world to thee, my heart ?
Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless ;
Thou hast no owner's part
In all its fleetingness.

The flame, the storm, the quaking ground,
Earth's joy, earth's terror, nought is thine :
Thou must but hear the sound
Of the still voice divine.

O princely lot ! O blissful art !
E'en while by sense of change opprest,
Thus to forecast in heart
Heaven's Age of fearless rest.





HOLY DYING.

THE DAWNING.

Henry Vaughan.

Ah ! what time wilt Thou come ? when shall that cry,
“ The Bridegroom cometh ! ” fill the sky ?
Shall it in the evening run,
When our words and works are done ?
Or will Thy all-surprising light
Break at midnight ;
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure,
Possesseth mad man without measure ?
Or shall these early fragrant hours
Unlock Thy bowers ;
And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternity ?
Indeed it is the only time
That with Thy glory doth best chime ;
All now are stirring, every field
Full hymns doth yield :
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for Thy shadow looks the light :

Stars now vanish without number ;
Sleepy planets set and slumber ;
The pury clouds disband and scatter ;
All expect some sudden matter,
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning star.

O, at what time soever Thou
(Unknown to us) the heavens wilt bow ;
And, with Thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor careless man ;
Grant, I may not all stagnant lie
In a corrupt security ;
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave ;
But as this restless vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing ;
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted :
So let me all my busy age
In Thy free services engage ;
And though (while here) of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust ;
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow ;
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above.
So when that day and hour shall come
In which Thyself will be the sun,
Thou'lt find me dressed and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy great day.

THE REST OF THE JUST.

Bishop Ken.

The Saints of old are rather said,
To sleep with fathers than lie dead,
And e'er since evangelic day
Diffused its bright Heaven-opening Ray,
The Saints are said, when life they close,
In Dormitories to repose.

Death, then, my soul, in memory keep,
And rest assured it is a sleep ;
Sleep when with long fatigue distressed,
Gives to the weary grateful rest ;
Sleep, after man's laborious cares,
By soft refreshment strength repairs.

NOT TO THE GRAVE.

Southey.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear ;
Feed not on thoughts so loathly horrible !
The spirit is not there,
That kindled that dead eye,
That throb'd in that cold heart,
That in that lifeless hand
Has met thy friendly grasp.

The spirit is not there !
It is but lifeless perishable flesh,
That moulders in the grave :
Earth, air, and waters, mingling particles,
Now to their elements
Resolved, their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved ;
The spirit is not there !
Often together have we talked of death :
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear :
How sweet it were with eyes
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depths of heaven.
O, thou hast first
Begun the travel of eternity ;
I gaze amid the stars
And think that thou art there,
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee.

And we have often said, how sweet it were,
With unseen ministry of angel power,
To watch the friend beloved,—
—We did not err !
Sure I have felt thy presence ! thou hast given
A birth to holy thoughts !
Hast kept me from the world, unstained and pure,
—We did not err !
Our best affections, here,
They are not like the toys of infancy,

The soul outgrows them not ;
We do not cast them off :
O ! if it could be so,
It were a dreadful thing indeed to die !

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved ;
But in the lonely hour—
But in the evening walk—
Think that he companies thy solitude ;
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse ;
And if remembrance wake a tear
There will be “joy in grief.”

TRUE LIFE.

Hickes's Devotions.

Lord Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with Thee ?
When will this war of passions cease,
And let my soul enjoy Thy peace ?

Here I repent and sin again ;
Now I revive, and now am slain :
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, O, too often wounds my heart !

When, dearest Lord, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but Thee ?
No more exposed, no more undone,
But live and grow to Thee alone ?

'Tis not, alas ! on this low earth,
That such pure flowers can find a birth ;
Only they spring above the skies,
Where none can live, till here he dies.

Then, let me die, that I may go,
And dwell where those bright lilies grow ;
Where those blest plants of glory rise,
And make a safer Paradise.

No dangerous fruit, no tempting *Eve*,
No crafty serpent to deceive ;
But we like gods indeed shall be ;
O, let me die, that life to see.

Thus says my song : but does my heart
Join with the words, and sing its part ?
Am I so thorough wise to choose
The other world, and this refuse ?

Why should I not ? What do I find
That fully here contents my mind ?
What is this meat, and drink, and sleep,
That such poor things from Heaven should keep ?

What is this honour, or great place,
Or bag of money, or fair face ?
What's all the world, that thus we should
Still long to dwell with flesh and blood ?

Fear not, my soul, stand to thy word,
Which thou hast sung to thy dear Lord ;
Let but thy love be firm and true,
And with more heat thy wish renew.

O, may this dying life make haste,
To die into true life at last ;
No hope have I to live before,
But then to live, and die no more.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Anonymous.

His eye toward the promised land,
Submiss and gentle, see him stand,
Bent o'er his gifted rod:

Meek amid such magnificence
Of certain power, his heart intense
With faith, and love, and reverence,
He worshipped the true God.

That God had known him face to face,
Had showered upon his spirit, grace,
Upon his features, light :

By him, the Lord of hosts had wrought
His signs and wonders, while He brought
His people home ; by Moses, taught
His covenant, His might.

Hard by flowed Jordan ; Moses heard
In meekness, and obeyed God's word
His thrilling chant rung high ;

And forth the camp, calm and content,
His eye not dim, his strength not spent,
From Moab's plain the prophet went
Up Nebo's steep to die.

No mortal ear drank his last breath
No mortal eye beheld his death ;
He died on Abarim :

His grave, no mortal mourners tend :
His God was with him, as his friend,
Was comforting his latter end,
Now, ever blesses him.

PAUCITATEM DIERUM MEORUM NUNCIA MIHI.

William Habington.

Tell me, O great all-knowing God !
What period
Hast Thou unto my days assigned ?
Like some old leafless tree, shall I
Wither away, or violently
Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the wind ?

Here where I first drew vital breath,
Shall I meet death ?
And find in the same vault a room .

Where my forefathers' ashes sleep?
Or shall I die where none shall weep
My timeless fate, and my cold earth intomb?

Shall I 'gainst the swift Parthians fight,
And in their flight
Receive my death? Or shall I see
That envied peace, in which we are
Triumphant yet, disturbed by war,
And perish by the invading enemy?

Astrologers who calculate
Uncertain fate,
Affirm my scheme doth not presage
Any abridgement of my days :
And the physician gravely says,
I may enjoy a reverend length of age.

But they are jugglers, and by sleight
Of art, the sight
Of faith delude ; and in their school
They only practise how to make
A mystery of each mistake,
And teach strange words, credulity to fool.

For Thou who first didst motion give,
Whereby things live
And time hath being ! to conceal
Future events didst think it fit,
To check the ambition of our wit,
And keep in awe the curious search of zeal.

Therefore, so I prepar'd still be,
My God, for Thee :
O' the sudden on my spirits may
Some killing apoplexy seize,
Or let me by a dull disease,
Or weaken'd by a feeble age, decay.

And so I in Thy favour die,
No memory
For me a well-wrought tomb prepare,
For if my soul be 'mong the blest,
Though my poor ashes want a chest,
I shall forgive the trespass of my heirs.



THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

From "the Baptistry."

There is a spot beside a hill,
 Where sleep the dead in holy ground;
 Nor know I aught so sweet and still
 As is the peace which there is found.

There, where beneath the churchyard wall
 Adown the glen the waters fall,
 Beneath a tapering ash-tree's shade
 Three graves are by each other laid.

* * * * *

Beneath an ash-tree's light-green shade.
 There side by side the three are laid;
 Laid by that churchyard gate at last,
 Whereby they oft together pass'd.
 That ash puts on, and drops its leaves,
 When the dishevell'd Autumn grieves;
 But no rude change again shall come,
 To reach them in their peaceful home.

When Death first ope'd the silent door,
 The youth arose and went before;
 And so from places of the blest,
 Grief came to be his parents' guest,
 To fit them for his happier rest.

The Priest was such as Chaucer drew
 In very lineament and hue;
 Save when his love o'er children bent,
 It something to the surface sent,—
 A child-like soul which takes delight
 In lowly deeds, and shows aright,
 The true and guileless Israelite.

Often he seem'd by toil oppress'd,
 Oftener in very toil at rest ;
 Nor ever deem'd his labour done
 Till he that last repose had won ;
 Where now the chequer'd shadows wave,
 And breathe that peace above his grave.

Since he hath been in yonder tomb,
 Full many a house hath caught the gloom,
 Full many a widow's heart is cold,
 And many, used his hand to hold,
 Have miss'd the shepherd from the fold.
 Her form I see, though gone from sight,
 Yet ne'er of her can speak aright ;
 But if the Peace which dwells above
 E'er took the form of earthly Love,
 'Twas like that spirit meek, whose price
 Is more than costliest sacrifice.

Lord, if my many sins below,
 Forbid me here that peace to know,
 Grant when from these my chains set free,
 I put on immortality,
 I may be with them at the close,
 And find at last their true repose.

DEATH.

Lyra Apostolica.

δ.

Whene'er goes forth Thy dread command,
 And my last hour is nigh,
 Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
 As I was born, to die.

I pray not, Lord, that friends may be
Or kindred standing by ;
Choice blessing ! which I leave to Thee,
To give me, or deny.

But let my failing limbs beneath
My Mother's smile recline ;
My name in sickness and in death
Heard in her sacred shrine.

And may the Cross beside my bed
In its meet emblems rest ;
And may the absolving words be said
To ease a laden breast.

Thou, Lord ! where'er we lie, canst aid ;
But He, who taught His own
To live as one, will not upbraid
The dread to die alone.

AN OLD MAN'S WISH.*

S. R.

In three days' time, when I am dead,
Then lay me in my churchyard bed ;
Let my remembrance often creep
Across thy soul ;—but do not weep,
Yea, smile and say upon my bier,
There is no cause for weeping here :
Then go ; so live, thy death may be
Such as no friend need weep for thee.

* See Bishop Sanderson's last will.

Waller.

The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries :
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home ;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

THE DAY OF DEATH.

Rev. R. C. Trench.

Thou inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say—
“Thou must rise and come away ;

All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee and make ready fast
For thy longest and thy last.”

Day deep-hidden from our sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright ?

Art thou distant, art thou near?
Wilt thou seem more dark or clear?
Day with more of hope or fear?

Wilt thou come, not seen before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying, light and life are o'er?

Or with such a gradual pace,
As shall leave me largest space
To regard thee face to face?

Shall I lay my drooping head
On some loved lap, round my bed
Prayer be made and tears be shed?

Or at distance from mine own,
Name and kin alike unknown,
Make my solitary moan?

Will there yet be things to leave,
Hearts to which this heart must cleave,
From which parting it must grieve?

Or shall life's best ties be o'er,
And all loved things gone before
To that other happier shore?

Shall I gently fall on sleep,
Death, like slumber, o'er me creep,
Like a slumber sweet and deep?

Or the soul long strive in vain
To get free, with toil and pain,
From its half divided chain?

Little skills it when or how,
If thou comest then or now,
With a smooth or angry brow;

Come thou must, and we must die—
Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by,
When that last sleep seals our eye.





FUTURE STATE.

THE MEDITATION.

John Norris.

It must be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange
 A dismal and mysterious change,
When thou shalt leave this tenement of clay,
And to an unknown somewhere wing away ;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st
 not how.

Amazing state ! no wonder that we dread
 To think of death, or view the dead.
Thou'rt all wrapp'd up in clouds, as if to thee
Our very knowledge had antipathy.
Death could not a more sad retinue find—
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.

Some courteous ghost, tell this great secrecy,
 What 'tis you are and we must be.
You warn us of approaching death, and why
May we not know from you what 'tis to die ?

But you, having shot the gulf, delight to see
Succeeding souls plunge in, with like uncertainty.

When life's close knot, by writ from destiny,
Disease shall cut, or age untie ;
When after some delays, some dying strife,
The soul stands shivering on the ridge of life ;
With what a dreadful curiosity
Doth she launch out into the sea of vast eternity !

So when the spacious globe was deluged o'er,
And lower holds could save no more,
On the utmost bough the astonish'd sinner stood,
And view'd the advances of th' encroaching flood ;
O'ertopp'd at length by the element's increase,
With horror they resign'd to the untried abyss.

SONNET.

Drummond.

Why, worldlings, do ye trust frail honour's dreams,
And lean to gilded glories which decay ?
Why do ye toil to registrate your names
On icy pillars, which soon melt away ?
True honour is not here, that place it claims
Where black-brow'd night doth not exile the day,
Nor no far-shining lamp dives in the sea,
But an eternal sun spreads lasting beams ;
There it attendeth you, where spotless bands
Of spirits stand gazing on their sovereign bliss,

Where years not hold it in their cankering hands,
But who, once noble, ever noble is.
Look home, lest he your weaken'd wit make thrall,
Who Eden's foolish gardener once made fall.

A SAINT RECEIVED IN HEAVEN.

Crashaw.

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.

All thy good works which went before,
And waited for thee at the door,
Shall own thee there: and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns with which the King thy Spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee;
All thy sorrows there shall shine,
And thy sufferings be divine:
Tears shall take comfort and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems:
E'en thy deaths shall live, and new
Dress the soul, that erst they slew.

Those rare works where thou shalt leave writ
Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but Him; while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same

Shall flourish on thy brows and be
 Both fire to us, and flame to thee ;
 Whose light shall live bright, in thy face
 By glory, in our hearts by grace.

Thou shalt look round about, and see
 Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be
 Themselves thy crown ; sons of thy vows
 The virgin births, with which thy Sovereign Spouse
 Made fruitful thy fair soul. Go now
 And with them all about thee bow
 To Him. * * * *

PEACE.

Henry Vaughan.

My soul, there is a country
 Far beyond the stars,
 Where stands a winged sentry
 All skilful in the wars :
 There above noise and danger,
 Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles ;
 And One born in a manger,
 Commands the beauteous files.
 He is thy gracious friend,
 And, oh ! my soul, awake !
 Did in pure love descend
 To die here for thy sake.
 If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave, then, thy foolish ranges ;
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

THE GLANCE.

George Herbert.

When first Thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd, even in the midst of youth and night,
To look upon me, who, before, did lie
Weltering in sin :

I felt a sugar'd strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt ; ev'n able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway.

But still, Thy sweet original joy,
Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control ;
And got the day.

If Thy first glance so powerful be—
A mirth but open'd and seal'd up again ;

What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
Thy full-eyed love !

When Thou shalt look us out of pain ;
And one aspect of Thine spend in delight,
More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
In heaven above !

FROM " THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL."

Sir John Davies.

And though some impious wits do questions move,
And doubt if souls immortal be, or no ;
That doubt their immortality doth prove,
Because they seem immortal things to know.

For he who reasons on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortal, some immortal call ;
Now, if himself were but a mortal thing,
He could not judge immortal things at all.

For when we judge, our minds we mirrors make ;
And as those glasses which material be,
Forms of material things do only take ;
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see ;

So when we God and angels do conceive,
And think of truth, which is eternal too ;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
Which, if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly show,
They should the name of reasonable bear ;
For, without reason, none could reason know :

So when the soul mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternal things, she doubts can move !
She proofs of her eternity doth bring,
E'en when she strives the contrary to prove.

For e'en the thought of immortality,
Being an act done, without the body's aid,
Shows that herself alone could move and be,
Although the body in the grave were laid.

HEAVEN IN PROSPECT.

Henry Vaughan.

They are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove ;
Or those faint beams in which yon hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days ;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O, holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust ;
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
 themes,
And into glory peep.

If a bright star were prison'd in a tomb,
Her captive flame must needs burn there :
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O, Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee !
Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My dire perspective, as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

SONNET.

Drummond.

If with such passing beauty, choice delights,
The Architect of this great round did frame
This palace visible, short lists of fame,
And silly mansion of but dying wights ;
How many wonders, what amazing lights,
Must that triumphing seat of glory claim,
That doth transcend all this All's vasty heights,
Of whose bright sun, ours here is but a beam !
O, blest abode ! O, happy dwelling-place !
Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign ;
Blest people, which do see true Beauty's face,
With whose far shadows, scarce He Earth doth deign :
All joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
Match'd with your endless bliss, and happy life.

THE SAINTS WITH JESUS.

Bishop Ken.

Soul, when your flesh dissolves to dust,
To God's safe hands yourself entrust ;
Be not too curious to enquire
Where to aspire ;

Whether to Paradise you fly,
Or in bless'd Abram's bosom lie,
Or to that orb your flight you raise
Where Enoch stays ;

Or to the third celestial sphere,
Where wonders Paul was rapt to hear,
Or Hades blest, where souls elect
Full bliss expect.

Secure your love while here below,
And dying you'll to Jesus go :
Paul long lov'd Jesus' face to view,
For that long you.

Bless'd Jesus' boundless bliss divine,
In you a miniature will shine,
Glory for glory, beam for beam
Will on you stream.

A crown, a throne on God's right-hand,
Where saints their robes of ray expand,
Where saints are kings, and on their state
High angels wait.

Such blessings on the saints attend,
When Jesus-like they heaven ascend,
The Lamb of joys, the boundless Spring,
'They'll ever sing.

Death our forerunner is, and guides
To Sion where the Lamb abides ;
There saints enjoy ecstatic rest
In mansions blest.





CHARACTERS AND DESCRIPTIONS.

THE SEVEN BEADMEN.

Spenser.

Eftsoon unto an holy hospital,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring,
In which seven beadmen, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heaven's King,
Did spend their days in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore
That by the weary way were travelling,
And one sat waiting ever them before,
To call in comers-by, that needy were and poor.

The first of them that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,
As guardian and steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging unto all that came and went ;

Not unto such as could him feast again,
And double quite for that he on them spent,
But such as want of harbour did constrain ;
Those for God's sake his duty was to entertain.

The second was as alm'ner of the place :
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thirsty give to drink, a work of grace :
He feared not once himself to be in need,
Ne cared to hoard for those whom he did breed :
The grace of God he laid up still in store,
Which as a stock he left unto his seed :
He had enough, what need him care for more ?
And had he less, yet some he would give to the poor.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tires nor garments gay,
(The plumes of Pride and wings of Vanity)
But clothes meet to keep keen cold away,
And naked nature seemly to array,
With which bare wretched wights he daily clad,
The images of God in earthly clay ;
And if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His own coat he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poor prisoners to relieve with gracious aid,
And captives to redeem with price of brass
From Turks and Saracens, which them had staid ;
And though they faulty were, yet well he weighed,

That God to us forgiveth every hour
Much more than that, why they in bands were laid ;
And He that harrowed hell with heavy stowre,
The faulty soul from thence brought to His heavenly
bower.

The fifth had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay ;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin and hell, and death, do most dismay
The feeble soul departing hence away.
All is but lost that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O, man ! have mind of that last bitter throe,
For as the tree does fall, so lies it ever low.

The sixth had charge of them now being dead,
In seemly sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowers their bridal bed,
That to their heavenly Spouse both sweet and brave
They might appear, when He their souls shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of God's own mould,
Whose face he made all beasts to fear, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should,
Ah ! dearest God ! me grant I dead be not defoul'd !

The seventh, now after death and burial done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
And widows aid, lest they should be undone :
In face of judgment he their right would plead,
Ne aught the power of mighty men did dread

In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be won their rightful causes down to tread,
And when they stood in most necessity,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE AND
CONDITION OF LIFE.

Crashaw.

No roof of gold, o'er riotous tables shining,
Whole days and suns devour'd with endless dining ;
No sails of Tyrian silk proud pavements sweeping,
Nor ivory couches costlier slumbers keeping ;
False lights of flaring gems ; tumultuous joys ;
Halls full of flattering men and frisking boys ;
Whate'er false shows of short and slippery good
Mix the mad sons of men in mutual blood.
But walks and unshorn woods ; and souls, just so
Unforced and genuine, but not shady tho' :
Our lodgings hard and homely, as our fare,
That, chased and cheap, as the few clothes we wear ;
Those coarse and negligent, as the natural locks
Of those loose groves, rough as the unpolish'd rocks.
A hasty portion of prescribed sleep :
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,
And sing and sigh, and work, and sleep again ;
Still rolling a round sphere, of still returning pain.
Hands full of hearty labours : pains that pay
And prize themselves ; do much, that more they may,

And work for work, not wages ; let to-morrow's
New drops wash off the sweat of this day's sorrows.
A long and daily-dying life, which breathes
A respiration of reviving deaths.
But neither are there those ignoble stings
That nip the bosom of the world's best things
And lash earth-labouring souls ;
No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crown'd woes awake ; as things too wise for sleep ;
But reverend discipline, and religious fear,
And soft obedience, find sweet bidding here ;
Silence, and sacred rest ; peace, and pure joys ;
Kind loves keep house, lie close, and make no noise.
And room enough for monarchs, while none swells
Beyond the kingdoms of contentful cells.
The self-remembering soul sweetly recovers
Her kindred with the stars ; not basely hovers
Below ; but meditates her immortal way
Home to the original source of light, and intellectua
day.

CONSTANCY IN VITURE.

George Wither.

Nor hath this my rare hope stood
So much in her being good,
(With her love to sacred things)
As in her acknowledgings,
From a higher power to have them,
And her love to Him who gave them.

For although to have a mind
Naturally to good inclined,
(And to love it) would assure
Reason that it might endure ;
Yet (since man was first unjust)
There's no warrant for such trust.
Virtues that most wonder win,
Would converted be to sin,
If their flourishings began,
From no better root than man.
Our best virtues when they are,
Of themselves we may compare,
To the beauty of a flower,
That is blasted in an hour,
And which, growing to be fuller,
Turns into some loathed colour.
But those being freely given,
And confirmed in us by Heaven,
Have a promise on them past
And for evermore shall last.
Diamond-like their lustre clearing
More and more by use and wearing.



PRESUMPTION.

Giles Fletcher.

Her tent with sunny clouds was ceil'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That Heaven itself to her it seemed oft,
Heaven without clouds to her deluded sight,
But clouds withouten Heaven it was aright ;
And as her house was built, so did her brain
Build castles in the air, with idle pain ;
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

Like as a ship, in which no balance is,
Without a pilot, on the sleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sails embraves,
That Neptune self the bragging vessel saves,
To laugh awhile at her so proud array ;
Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day :

But all so soon as Heaven his brows doth bend,
She vails her banners and pulls in her beams,
The empty bark the raging billows send
Up to th' Olympic waves, and Argus seems
Again to ride upon our lower streams ;
Right so, 'Presumption,' did herself behave,
Tossed about with every stormy wave :
And in white lawn she went, most like an angel brave.

AFFLICTIONS.

Southey.

—————If ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye there!
Look yonder at yon cloud, which through the sky
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon! I watched it as it came
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy splendour round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own,
Then passing leaves her in her light serene.

THE POET.

Bishop Ken.

Prophets and Poets were of old,
Made of the same celestial mould.
True Poets are a saint-like race,
And, with the gift, receive the grace,
Of their own songs the virtue feel,
Warmed with an Heaven-enkindled zeal.

A Poet should have heat and light;
Of all things a capacious sight;
Serenity with rapture joined;
Aims noble; eloquence refined,
Strong, modest; sweetness to endear;
Expressions lively, lofty, clear.

High thoughts; an admirable theme;
For decency a chaste esteem;
Of harmony a perfect skill;
Just characters of good and ill;
And all concentrated—souls to please,
Instruct, inflame, melt, calm, and ease.

Such graces can nowhere be found
Except on consecrated ground;
Where Poets fix on God their thought,
By sacred inspiration taught;
Where each poetic votary sings,
In heavenly strains of heavenly things!

THE BEE OPHRYS.

S R.

They see not well who blindly deem
No goodness cheers this garish world;
That all are such as many seem,
In pleasure's wild dance reckless hurl'd:
A glittering sight, but worthless race,
Still sick at heart, though blithe of face.

I would not to proud city go
Of choice, nor to the glittering court,
For beauteous characters, that grow
Most plentiful where few resort:
Yet here and there true hearts are traced,
In these, like springs in sandy waste.

Such dreams were passing in my mind,
As o'er the chalky slope I strayed,
Where my long-practised eye would find
Some flowery treasure oft, conveyed
By viewless hands, and nourished there
One knows not by what unseen care.

There amid many weeds I see,
Strange offspring of such hopeless soil,
That curious plant, the Ophrys Bee ;—
In truth, “they neither spin nor toil,
Yet prince, in robe or diadem,
Was ne'er array'd like one of them.”

That mimic form and pencill'd dress
Bespoke in ready phrase its name ;
But phrase of man could ne'er express
The wondrous light that with it came :
O skill and goodness, passing thought—
A weed thus exquisitely wrought !

'Tis even so, I said—the Hand
Which paints so choicely nature's child,
Oft wills that brightest flowers expand
And smile upon this base world's wild ;
And happiest spirits doubtless hide,
Where all is barrenness beside.

INNOCENCE.

S. T. Coleridge.

—————She was innocent!

And to be innocent is nature's wisdom !
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
O, surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE (WATERLOO.)

Southey.

Look, how upon the ocean's treacherous face
The breeze and summer sunshine softly play,
And the green-heaving billows bear no trace
Of all the wrath and wreck of yesterday ;
So from the field which here we looked upon,
The vestiges of dreadful war were gone.

Earth had received into her silent womb
Her slaughtered creatures ; horse and man they lay,
And friend and foe, within the general tomb.
Equal had been their lot ; one fatal day
For all—one labour—and one place of rest
They found, within their common parent's breast.

The passing seasons had not yet effaced
The stamp of numerous hoofs impressed by force
Of cavalry, whose path might still be traced,
Yet nature everywhere resumed her course ;
Low Pansies to the sun their purple gave,
And the soft Poppy blossomed on the grave.

* * * * *

No cloud the azure vault of Heaven distained,
That day when we the field of war surveyed ;
The leaves were falling, but the groves retained
Foliage enough for beauty and for shade ;
Soft airs prevailed, and through the sunny hours
The Bees were busy on the year's last flowers.

Well was the season with the scene combined,
The autumnal sunshine suited well the mood
Which here possessed the meditative mind ;—
A human sense upon the field of blood,
A Christian thankfulness, a British pride
Tempered by solemn thoughts, yet still to joy allied.



DRABA VERNA.

THE EARLIEST BRITISH FLOWER.

S. R.

Thou simplest among flowers that live,
Thriving where nought but thou could thrive,
Dressing the most neglected spot —
How cheering, Draba, is thy lot,
To live in meekest beauty bright,
In gloomiest time a joyous sight!

Full many a year I've noted thee,
In that cold bed of Poverty,
Upon the ancient church-wall grey,
Catching in winter some mild day
To spread, ere frost and snow were gone,
Thy small bold flow'ret to the sun,
Waking to sight life's earliest show,
While all thy sisters slept below.
E'en now so keen the east-wind blows,
It chills the hardiest first Primrose ;
Yon Violet bud, last autumn bred,
Peep'd but a little, and is dead ;
The Crocus spath hath burst the soil,
Yet cautiously she waits awhile ;
And frozen hangs the Snowdrop cup,
Her green-streaked lawn close mantled up ;
But this small flower is out and gay,
Though winter turned but yesterday ;
And she the lowliest of Spring's train,
Is first to bid her come again.

There is a ready cheerfulness
That simplest hearts doth ever bless ;
They reckon the least of darksome day,
And bear it still the best they may.
They pride them not, to dare the blast,
But hold by their own dwelling fast
In humblest wise ; there unsubdued,
They calmly wait vicissitude,
In patience and in faith complete.
But soon as such dark seasons fleet,
The first are these to tell glad news,
And round about their joy diffuse
In such true sort, the wise must guess
Where ever dwells most Happiness.

Wordsworth.

I do not wish to wrong him ;—though the course
Of private life, licentiously display'd
Unhallow'd actions—planted like a crown
Upon the insolent aspiring brow
Of spurious notions—worn as open signs
Of prejudice subdued—he still retain'd,
'Mid such abasement, what he had received
From nature—an intense and glowing mind.
Wherefore when humbled Liberty grew weak,
And mortal sickness on her face appear'd,
He colour'd objects to his own desire
As with a Lover's passion. Yet his moods
Of pain were keen as those of better men,
Nay, keener—as his fortitude was less.

And he continued, when worse days were come,
To deal about his sparkling eloquence,
Struggling against the strange reverse with zeal
That showed like happiness ; but in despite
Of all this outside bravery, within,
He neither felt encouragement nor hope.
For moral dignity and strength of mind,
Were wanting ; and simplicity of life ;
And reverence for himself ; and, last and best,
Confiding thoughts, through love and fear of Him
Before whose sight the troubles of this world
Are vain as billows in a tossing sea.

BOUGHTON MALHERBE.

S. R.

Embosomed in her depths of wood,
Here in old splendour Bocton stood :
With other beauties than of yore,
Now thou art known, lone spot, no more !
A herdsman's hovel stands to tell
Where thy baronial turrets fell ;
Thy trim court-yard, neglected now,
Is furrowed by the rusting plough ;
And trembling rooms of antique state
Frown o'er the rustic and his mate.
Few doddered stumps and pollard trees
Mark the slant lawn ; and still one sees

A tangled thicket, park no more,
That feeds of sheep some lazy score,
Which bleating browse, or dreaming lie,
Where antlered herds once bounded by.
Old knightly style is all forgot
Since Wotton's famous house was not ;
A crumbling stone, seen here and there,
Just tells indeed that once they were,
But like the ruins of the pile,
Will tell that tale but little while.

'Tis even so the pomp of men
Doth pass, and cometh not again !
The good, the gallant, pass away,
And name and splendour, where are they ?
The work of taste, the seat of power,
Live like their lords one little hour—
The very spot, where they were seen,
Then knows no more that they have been !
E'en sweetest flower of chivalry
Like other flowers must bloom and die ;
But hero scarce is in his tomb,
And dull cold spirits fill his room.
Yet 'mid this wreck, where ruin reigns,
One beauteous relic still remains ;
The quiet, simple, ancient church,
With cherished graves and dialled porch,
Where erst the village sires would bow,
Receives their sons to worship now.
And still where sleep those fathers dead
We see that ample prospect spread,
Which long as ages come and go,
In bright magnificence below,

Weekly before the house of prayer,
Holds crowds of rustics wondering there.
Stablest of passing things below,
Such fairy scenes stay as loath to go ;
The vale, the hills, the sweeping view,
We see what men of old once knew ;
And while art's proudest works are gone,
Nature to them and us is one,
And, witness that grey reverend Tower—
Religion hath a mightier power,
Itself eternal, sure it can
Eternalize the works of man ;
And bids them tell how staid shall be,
Souls simply built on Piety.





MEMORIALS.

ICI GIST.

c.

Pale was thy cheek, though it was fair
As spring flowers are !
—But in mine ear
A hollow voice is murmuring near,
“Thy shroud is yet more pale!”

He that looked on thee loved to trace
Thine eye's dark grace.
—But o'er the cell,
That holds thy mouldering relics well,
Death spreads a darker veil !

So be it, if the age to come
Dispel the gloom !
Beloved ! if thou
Crown'd with the flowers earth cannot show,
The eternal day-spring hail !

ON A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

7.

This cannot be the sleep of death,
Or sure it must be sweet to die,
So soft, this holy roof beneath,
On such a quiet couch to lie :

Each gently pressing, gently prest,
To slumber in each other's arms,
This shrinking to her sister's breast,
For shelter from all earth's alarms ;

With such entire and perfect trust,
That e'en in sleep she seems to say,
" I shall rest safe, I know I must,
My Ellen holds me night and day."

The other, with maturer grace,
In dawn of thoughtful womanhood,
Half upward turns her fair meek face,
As if an angel o'er her stood.

As calm her brow, as sure her faith,
But more than infants use, she knew
(If right I guess,) of life and death,
Of death, and resurrection too.

Already now her ear began
The depth of solemn sound to trace,
The thrilling joys that round her ran,
When music filled this holy place.

Yon dark arch'd galleries, high aloof,
The glory and the mystery
Of "long-drawn aisle" and vaulted roof,
Already caught her wondering eye.

And she would gaze, when morning's glow
Through yonder glorious panes was streaming,
As if in every niche below
Saints in their glory robes were gleaming.

To thee, dear maid, each kindly wile
Was known that elder sisters know :
'To check th' unseasonable smile
With warning hand and serious brow :

From dream to dream with her to rove,
Like faery nurse with hermit child,
Teach her to think, to pray, to love,
Make grief less bitter, joy less wild :

These were thy tasks ; and who can say
What visions high, what solemn talk,
What flashes of unearthly day,
Might bless those infants' evening walk,

Oft as with arms and hearts entwined,
They mused aloud, this twilight hour,
What awful truths high God hath shrined
In every star and cloud and flower !

But one day, when the glorious theme
Seemed but to mock their feeble sight,
As they looked up from earth's dark dream
To worlds where all is pure and bright,

Strong in the strength of infancy,
In little children's wisdom wise,
They heard a voice say "Come to Me ;
Yours is the kingdom of the skies."

They speed them home, one prayer they breathe
Then down in peace together lie.—
This cannot be the sleep of death,
Or sure it must be sweet to die.



AN EPITAPH UPON THE LADY ELIZABETH,

SECOND DAUGHTER OF HIS LATE MAJESTY (KING CHARLES I.)

Henry Vaughan.

Youth, Beauty, Virtue, Innocence,
Heaven's royal and select expense,
With virgin-tears, and sighs divine,
Sit here the Genii of his shrine,
Where now (thy fair soul wing'd away,)
They guard the Casket where she lay.

Thou hadst't, ere thou the light couldst see,
Sorrows laid up and stor'd for thee,
Thou suck'dst in woes, and the breasts lent
Their milk to thee, but to lament ;
Thy portion here was grief, thy years
Distill'd no other rain but tears,
Tears without noise, but (understood)
As loud and shrill as any blood ;
Thou seem'dst a Rosebud born in Snow,
A flower of purpose sprung to bow
To heedless tempests, and the rage
Of an incensed, stormy age.
Others, ere their afflictions grow,
Are timed and seasoned for the blow,
But thine, as Rhumes the tenderest part
Fell on a young and harmless heart.
And yet as balm trees gently spend
Their tears for those that do them rend,

So mild and pious thou wert seen,
Though full of sufferings, free from spleen,
Thou didst not murmur, nor revile,
But drank'st thy wormwood with a smile.

As envious eyes blast and infect,
And cause misfortunes by aspect,
So thy sad stars dispensed to thee
No influence but calamity,
They view'd thee with eclipsed rays,
And but the backside of bright days.

These were the comforts she had here,
As by an unseen hand 'tis clear,
Which now she reads, and smiling wears
A crown with Him who wipes off tears.

OF MY DEAR SON GERVASE BEAUMONT.

Sir J. Beaumont.

Can I, who have for others oft compil'd
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,
Which, like a flower crush'd with a blast, is dead,
And ere full time, hangs down his smiling head,
Expecting with clear hope to live anew,
Among the angels fed with heavenly dew ?
We have this sign of joy, that many days,
While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,
The name of Jesus in his mouth contains
His only food, his sleep, his ease from pains.

O, may that sound be rooted in my mind,
Of which in Him such strong effect I find.
Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, far above
The course of nature, or his tender age,
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage ;
Let his pure soul, ordain'd seven years to be
In that frail body, which was part of me,
Remain my pledge in Heaven, as sent to show,
How to this port at every step I go.

EPITAPH IN WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

Rev. John Davison.

If heavenly flowers might bloom unharm'd on earth,
And gales of Eden still their balm bestow,
Thy gentle virtues rich in purest worth
Might yet have linger'd in our vale below ;

Lov'd daughter, sister, friend :—we saw awhile
Thy meek-ey'd modesty which lov'd the shade,
Thy faithfulness which knew nor change, nor guile,
Thy heart, like incense, on God's Altar laid.

But He whose Spirit breathes the air Divine,
That gives to souls their loveliness and grace,
Soonest embowers pure faithful hearts like thine
In His own paradise, their blissful place.

AN EPITAPH ON A DECEASED FRIEND.

John Cleveland.

Here lies the ruin'd cabinet
Of a rich soul more highly set.
The dross and refuse of a mind
Too glorious to be here confin'd.
Earth for a while bespoke his stay,
Only to bait, and so away :
So that what here he doted on
Was merely accommodation.
Not that his active soul could be
At home, but in eternity.
Yet while he blest us with the rays
Of his short-continued days,
Each minute had its weight of worth,
Each pregnant hour some star brought forth.
So whiles he travelled here beneath,
He liv'd, when others only breathe,
For not a sand of time slipp'd by
Without its action sweet as high.
So good, so peaceable, so blest,
Angels alone can speak the rest.



EPITAPH.

Rev. G. Wheeler.

For thee, loved youth, no stranger's tears we crave.
We ask no stranger to approach thy grave,
Thou hast enough to mourn thee—those who knew,
And fondly watched thy virtues as they grew :
They to the spot where now those virtues sleep
Will turn unbidden and unbidden weep :
Will turn and muse, till all that is, shall seem
The transient wonder of some airy dream ;
Till on the past the future shall arise,
And faith restore thee to their longing eyes.

SONNET.

Rev. G. Wheeler.

Have I forgot thee ? fresh as on that day
When to thy lips the mystic cup I bore,
And we beheld thy breathing form no more,
Thy Image, subject there to no decay,
Still lives within this bosom, and for aye
Shall live till Memory die with all her lore.
I have suffer'd much, my Mother ! but 'tis o'er,
Why should we droop, Omnipotence our stay ?
Oh, how delightful in a world like ours
To think of those at rest, to hope ere long
That we may join them ! Haste, ye lagging hours,
And take me from this rude and selfish throng,
Take me where bloom Love's own undying flowers,
Where swells around the Throne Love's own triumphant song !

EPITAPH ON A STONE-MASON.

S. R.

The stones men hew and build with, must
In few short years, go back to dust ;
But their own dust which here we lay,
Shall rise ere long, and stand for aye :
Be wise, ye builders, then ; build well
That house you raise for heaven or hell.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD LADY, BURIED IN HENDEN
CHURCHYARD, MIDDLESEX.*Anonymous.*

Reader, she wandered all this desert through,
In search of happiness, nor found repose
'Till she had reach'd the borders of the waste.
Full many a flower that blossom'd in her path
She stopt to gather ; and the fruit she plucked
That hung from many a tempting bough, all but
The rose of Sharon, and the tree of Life.
This flung its fragrance to the gale, and spread
Its blushing beauties ; *that* its healing leaves
Displayed, and fruit immortal—all in vain.
She neither tasted nor admired, and found
All that she chose and tasted, fair—but false ;
The flowers no sooner gathered, than they faded :

The fruits enchanting—dust and bitterness ;
And all the world a wilderness of care.
Wearied, dispirited, and at the close
Of this eventful course, she sought the plant,
Which long her heedless haste o'erlook'd, and proved
Its sovereign virtues ; underneath its shade
Outstretched, drew from her wounded feet the thorn,
Breathed the last sigh, shed the last tear, and here
The aged pilgrim rests in trembling hope.

Rev. H. Alford.

There is an ancient man who dwells
Within our parish bounds,
Beyond the poplar avenue,
Across two meadow-grounds :
And whensoever our two small bells
To church call merrily,
Leaning upon our churchyard gate
This old man you may see.

He is a man of many thoughts,
That long have found their rest,
Each in its proper dwelling-place
Settled within his breast :
A form erect, a stately brow,
A set and measured mien,
The satisfied unroving look
Of one who much hath seen.

And once, when young in care of souls,
I watch'd a sick man's bed,
And willing half, and half asham'd,
Lingered and nothing said :
That ancient man, in accents mild,
Removed my shame away ;—
“ Listen,” he said, “ the Minister
Prepares to kneel and pray.”

These lines of humble thankfulness
Will never meet his eye :
Unknown that old man means to live,
And unremembered die.
The forms of life have severed us—
But when that life shall end,
Fain would I hail that reverend man
A Father and a Friend



DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND
JONATHAN.

George Sandys.

Thy beauty, Israel, is fled ;
 Sunk to the dead.
How are the valiant fall'n ! the slain
 Thy mountains stain.
O let it not in Gath be known
Nor in the streets of Askalon !

Lest that sad story should excite
 Their dire delight :
Lest in the torrent of our woe
 Their pleasure flow :
Lest their triumphant daughters ring
Their cymbals, and curs'd Pœans sing.

You hills of Gilboa, never may
 You offerings pay ;
No morning dew, nor fruitful showers
 Clothe you with flowers :
Saul and his arms, there made a spoil ;
As if untouched with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan
 Great battles won :
His arrows on the mighty fed,
 With slaughter red.
Saul never raised his arm in vain ;
His sword still gluttred with the slain.

How lovely ! O, how pleasant ! when
 They lived with men !
Than eagles swifter ; stronger far
 Than lions are :
Whom love in life so strongly tied,
The stroke of death could not divide.
Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul ;
 Lament his fall :
Who fed you with the earth's increase,
 And crown'd with peace :
With robes of Tyrian purple deck'd,
And gems which sparkling light reflect.
How are thy worthies by the sword
 Of war devoured !
O, Jonathan, the better part
 Of my torn heart !
The savage rocks have drunk thy blood :
My brother ! O, how kind ! how good !
Thy love was great : O never more
 To man, man bore !
No woman, when most passionate,
 Loved at that rate.
How are the mighty fall'n in fight !
They and their glory set in night !



WRITTEN IN HIS LIBRARY.

Southey.

My days among the dead are past ;
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast
 The mighty minds of old :
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them
 I live in long past years ;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears ;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon
 My place with them will be,
And with them I shall travel on
 Through all futurity
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

Rev. I. Williams.

Others admire in thee a poet's fire,
So sweetly temper'd to a classic lyre ;
Others, how deepest thought and wise design
Put on harmonious beauty in each line ;
Others, how thy sweet urn of sacred glee
Lights earthly things with heavenly clarity ;
Others, how every turn and winding scene
Leads to a temple, in the blue serene.
One would to thy meek willow's lesson turn,
One melodies of mountain streamlet learn,
One loves thy red November's calm decay,
One the bright lengthening of thine April day.
One with thee enters in the home divine,
To worship there, but not to praise thy shrine.
'Tis sweet to note in varying character
How each his bosom'd thoughts finds pictured there.
And some condemn thee as too deep a mine,
Where haply diamonds hid and rubies shine,
But they upon the surface love to flit,—
'Twere diving into Pindar's golden wit !
But these things other thoughts to me endear,
Thy book I love because thyself is there.
And all I know of glad philosophy,
And all I know of life's home poesy—
And all I know of calm and healthful thought,
And all of better wisdom heaven hath taught—
And all that I have seen of azure sky,
Brought forth from out a deep captivity—

And all which through the clouds of sin and grief
Have shed o'er life a light of sweet relief—
And all that I have known of cheering glow,
That glares not but lights up our hearth below—
And all I have of friends more dear than life,
Calming with gentler wisdom this world's strife,
(So it hath pleased Heaven who gave the same,)
These all to me are linked with thy dear name.
Through thee, whate'er through broken clouds hath
gleam'd,
Through thee from heaven these beams on me have
stream'd.
Therefore when others talk yet am I still,
For deeper thoughts than theirs my bosom fill.

TO THE MEMORY OF A GOOD POOR WOMAN.

Rev. John Davison.

Patient devoted servant of her God,
The heavenward path this humble woman trod ;
Beheld a jarring world, and shunn'd its strife,
Reproving only by her peaceful life.
The Book of Truth she ponder'd line by line,
In memory stor'd its oracles divine ;
The Holy Table by her Saviour spread
Daily she sought, to taste of Angels' bread.
Rich in content with piety her gain,
And still devout when tried by torturing pain.

To Him who gave resigning her calm breath,
In meek tranquillity she sunk to death,
And now, life's trial done, her sleeping dust
Awaits the glorious rising of the just.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

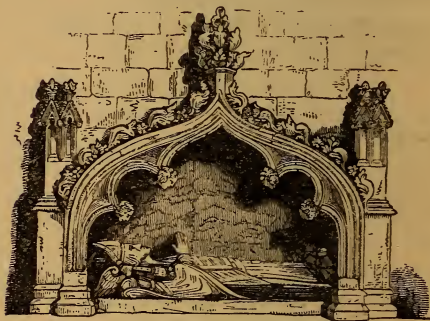
S. R.

'Twas once on this neglected spot,
Where still we tread on flowers run wild;
His tasks in fancy's dreams forgot,
Sir Henry played—a blissful child;
And here as thoughtful years came on,
To scenes of early peace he fled:
To soothe in wanderings sweet and lone,
A harassed mind and fevered head.

Here too full oft in drooping years,
When nature told her solemn close,
Sweetly he calmed his dying fears,
And joyed in piety's repose:
Then much he spake of cheerful days,
How many 'twas his lot to have;
But most, how blest religion's ways
Cheered all his journey to the grave.

And his had been a favoured course—
A path with many a garland strowed ;
For well he braved this rough world's force,
And when it smiled, still thought on God :
Like some light skiff upon the wave,
All beauty in a tranquil sea :
Yet when the billows work and rave,
Mounts o'er the breakers gallantly.

So each good man, whose heart is light
When early suns life's morn illumine,
Frets least when day doth set in night,
Nor darkens much with nature's gloom ;
For heaven first put that light within
Which shone from out his honest breast ;—
His conscience parleys not with sin,
And therefore 'tis he is so blest.



INDEX.

	Page
Again, O Lord, I ope my eyes	157
Again, the morning's brightness calls	154
Ah! what time wilt Thou come? when shall that cry	204
And is it even thus? Are these the words	6
And though some impious wits do questions move	225
And while the face of outward things we find	98
Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee	222
As men from men	22
As o'er the past my memory strays	92
As withereth the primrose by the river	199
Awake, my soul! awake, mine eyes!	152
 Because the world might not pretend	 90
Behold, we come, dear Lord, to Thee	151
Believe not that your inner eye	143
But how should we be glad?	104
But know we not that he, who intermits	55
But that Thou art my wisdom, Lord	113
But with no sense the garden does comply	15
By laughing hours and broidered meads	10

INDEX.

	Page
Can I, who have for others oft compil'd . . .	253
Christ, health of fevered soul, heaven of the mind	91
Cloth'd with state, and girt with might . . .	166
Cloud! or mist! or exhalation! . . .	4
Come, twinkle in my lonely room . . .	72
Could this outside beholden be . . .	115
Day of wrath! that awful day . . .	94
Eftsoon unto an holy hospital . . .	231
Embosomed in her depths of wood . . .	245
Ere God on Sodom stretch'd His flaming hand .	42
Ere sin hath brush'd away the morning bloom .	194
Eternal Mover, whose diffused glory . . .	100
Ethereal minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky! . . .	9
Fain would my thoughts fly up to Thee . . .	29
Fear, anger, hope, fierce vengeance, rabid hate .	127
For many books I care not, and my store . . .	61
For thee, loved youth, no stranger's tears we crave	256
Free choice doth man possess of good or ill . .	30
God of our fathers! who in this our land . . .	73
Great God, whose sceptre rules the earth . . .	183
Grieve not, dear love, although we often part .	109
Hail, thou most sacred venerable thing . . .	178
Happy those early days when I . . .	120

INDEX.

	Page
Have I forgot thee? fresh as on that day . . .	256
Her tent with sunny clouds was ceil'd aloft . . .	237
Here is the spring where waters flow . . .	140
Here lies the ruined cabinet	255
High on the stately wall	42
His eye towards the promised land	210
How beautiful this dome of sky	145
How happy is he born or taught	49
How should I praise Thee, Lord! how should my rhymes	163
I do not care to be inquisitive	55
I do not wish to wrong him; though the course	244
I dwell in Grace's court	137
I have found Peace in the bright earth	66
I love (and have some cause to love) the earth .	185
I made a posy, while the day ran by	196
I met a fairy child, whose golden hair	14
I sought for novelty—in vain	190
I thought to meet no more, so dreary seem'd .	82
I would I were an excellent Divine	62
If heavenly flowers might bloom unharmed on earth	254
If with such passing beauty, choice delights .	228
If ye would know	238
In childhood, when with eager eyes	202
In health and joy God's word we hear	122
In lonesome cave	187

INDEX.

	Page
In my Religion, I dare entertain . . .	70
In three days' time, when I am dead . . .	216
It must be done, my soul, but 'tis a strange . . .	220
It was the time when the still moon . . .	43
 Jerusalem, that place divine	 77
 Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom . . .	 34
Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust . . .	54
Like to the falling of a star	199
Lo, here! a little volume, but great book . . .	148
Long have I view'd, long have I thought . . .	97
Look, how upon the ocean's treacherous face . . .	241
Lord Jesus, when, when shall it be	208
Lord, in this dust thy sovereign voice	40
Lord, should we oft forget to sing	159
Lord, what is man, why should he cost Thee . . .	180
Lord, what unvalued pleasures crown'd	164
Lord, who shall dwell above with Thee	116
 "Man goeth forth" with reckless trust	 25
Man is a busy thing, and he	121
Man's best estate is poor and vain	32
Many are the ways I see	124
Methought I saw, 'tween walls of deep decay . . .	74
My days among the dead are past	262
My friend! enough to sorrow you have given . . .	112
My God, now I from sleep awake	160

INDEX.

	Page
My mother, in God's Holy Word . . .	191
My Saxon shrine ! the only ground . . .	85
My soul, there is a country . . .	223
New doth the sun appear . . .	10
No roof of gold, o'er riotous tables shining .	234
Nor hath this my rare hope stood . . .	235
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul .	206
O, ignorant poor man ! what dost thou bear .	141
O Lord, thy presence is revealed . . .	130
O, merciful Creator, hear . . .	89
O, Thou who all things hast of nothing made .	174
O, Thou who sweetly bend'st my stubborn will .	109
O, Thou whose all-enlivening ray . . .	101
Of things unseen how canst thou deem aright .	36
On this day of highest worth . . .	156
One adequate support . . .	31
Others admire in thee a poet's fire . . .	263
Pale was thy cheek, though it was fair . . .	248
Patient devoted servant of her God . . .	264
Poor silly soul, whose hope and head lies low .	93
Prophets and Poets were of old . . .	238
Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control .	53
Quite lost are now mine airy joys . . .	111
Reader, she wandered all this desert through .	257

INDEX.

	Page
Sacred Religion ! Mother of form and fear ! .	71
Saviour of mankind, man, Emmanuel . .	168
Say not, these flowers will quickly fade . .	21
Scenes so awful	55
Scoff ye who will ! but let me, gracious Heaven	173
She was innocent	241
Sleep ! downy sleep ! come, close mine eyes .	153
Soar then (my soul) above the arched round .	132
Some murmur when their sky is clear . .	170
Soul, when your flesh dissolves to dust . .	229
Still young and fine ! but what is still in view .	1
Stoop down until you thoroughly see . .	132
Strange thing it is an errant knight to see .	124
Sweet bird ! up earliest in the morn . .	107
Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours .	177
Sweet stream, where most my haunts delight .	19
Tax not the royal saint with vain expense . .	85
Teach me, my God and King	133
Tell me, O great all-knowing God ! . . .	211
The child alone in trembling goes	35
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended . . .	165
The glories of our blood and state	198
The Master saith, " Wise in their generation .	56
The night is come ; like to the day . . .	168
The path is narrow ; and it narrows still . .	17
The Saints of old are rather said	206
The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er .	217

INDEX.

	Page
The star of Light has risen now . . .	153
The stones men hew and build with must . . .	257
The sturdy rock for all his strength . . .	201
The tiny flowers that cowered beneath . . .	80
The voice which I did more esteem . . .	104
Then, man, pray and obtain; believe and have . . .	125
There is a spot beside a hill . . .	214
There is an ancient man who dwells . . .	258
These hairs of age are messengers . . .	61
They are all gone into a world of light . . .	226
They see not well who blindly deem . . .	239
This cannot be the sleep of death . . .	249
This lesson, all ye nations, hear . . .	67
Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident . . .	36
Thou inevitable day . . .	217
Thou simplest among flowers that live . . .	243
Throw away Thy rod . . .	38
Thy beauty, Israel, is fled . . .	260
Thy glorious throne is, Lord, on high . . .	118
Time is the feathered thing . . .	200
Time was, I shrank from what was right, . . .	59
To leave unseen so many a glorious sight . . .	60
'Twas once on this neglected spot . . .	265
Wake now, my soul, and humbly hear . . .	11
We live not in our moments or our years . . .	51
Welcome, dear feast of Lent: who loves not thee . . .	78
What do they say? those forest trees . . .	18
What is house and what is home . . .	63
What makes the calm and healthful mind . . .	134

INDEX.

	Page
What man is he that boasts of fleshly might .	128
Whene'er goes forth Thy dread command .	215
When first Thy sweet and gracious eye .	224
When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave .	46
When God at first made man	33
When I survey the bright	2
Whence is it that amaz'd I hear . . .	13
Who is the honest man ?	48
Why dost thou heap up wealth which thou must quit	51
Why do we seek felicity	129
Why sittest thou on that sea-girt rock .	58
Why, worldlings, do ye trust frail honour's dreams	221
Ye powers of darkness, 'tis your hour .	102
You that have spent the silent night .	171
You who dwell above the skies . .	166
Youth, beauty, virtue, innocence . .	252





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 997 531 5